THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

FEBRUARY, 1800.

THE BIRTH OF SENSIBILITY.

ONE beautiful ſerene ſummer evening, after rambling in a grove of laurels till the lamp of night aroſe and gilded the objects around me, I ſeated myſelf on the bank of a winding river. A weeping-willow ſpread over me its branches, which, drooping, ſwept the ſtream. An antique tower, partly in ruins, mantled in ivy, and ſurrounded with yew and cypreſs, was the only building to be ſeen.

I had been reading a melancholy tale, which, in ſtrong colours, impreſſed itſelf on my memory, and led me to reflect on the ſtrange pleaſure we ſometimes feel in peruſing the moſt tragical ſtory. "What," ſaid I, "can occaſion it? Can the human heart delight in the misfortunes of another? Forbid it, Heaven!" My eyes were fixed on the ſurface of the water: the ſoft beams of Luna ſported on the waves; all Nature ſeemed huſhed to repoſe; when a gentle ſlumber ſtole over my ſenſes, and methought a being, of an angelic form, ſeated herſelf beſide me. A mantle, of the paleſt ſapphire, hung over her ſhoulders to the ground; auburn hair fell in waving curls on her fine neck; and a white veil, almoſt

tranſparent, ſhaded her face: as ſhe liſted it up, ſhe ſighed, and continued for ſome moments ſilent. Never did I behold a countenance ſo delicate; and, notwithſtanding a ſmile played upon her coral lips, her lovely blue eyes were ſurcharged with tears, and reſembled violets dropping with dew. Beneath her veil ſhe wore a wreath of jaſmine and mingled amaranths.

"Wonder not," ſaid ſhe in accents ſoft as the breath of Zephyr, "that a ſtate of woe can pleaſe. I am called Senſibility, and have been from infancy your conſtant companion. My ſire was Humanity, and my mother Sympathy. I (the offspring of their loves) was born in a cavern, overſhadowed by myrtles and orange trees, at the foot of Parnaſſus, and conſigned to the care of Melpomene, who fed me with honey from Hybla, and lulled me to reſt with plaintive ſongs and melancholy muſic. On one ſide of the cavern ran a ſtream from Helicon, and in the trees around it the doves and nightingales built their neſts. I make it my ſole care to augment the felicity of ſome favoured mortals, who, nevertheleſs, repine at my influence, and would gladly be under the dominion of Apathy. Alas! how inconſiderate! If the roſe has thorns, has it not a vermeil tincture and ambroſial ſweetneſs? If the woodbine droops, laden with the dew-drops of the morning, when the ſun has exhaled them, will it not be refreſhed, and breathe richer fragrance? So if a heart be touched with a ſtory of diſtreſs, it will at the ſame time experience delightful ſenſations. If the tears often flow, ſay, can you call it weakneſs? Can you wiſh to be diveſted of this genuine teſt of tenderneſs, and deſire the departure of Senſibility?"

—"Ah! no, fair nymph!—ſtill deign to be my attendant: teach me to ſigh with the wretched, and with the happy to rejoice. I am now ſenſible that the pleaſure which ariſes from the legends of Sorrow, owes its origin to the certain knowledge that our hearts are not callous to the finer feelings; but that we have ſome generous joys, and generous cares, beyond ourſelves!"

Scarcely

Scarcely had I pronounced theſe words, when the loud tolling of the village bell broke the fetters in which Morpheus had bound me, and diſpelled the airy illuſion.

I am, &c.

OLD RASOR.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XX.

THIS paper muſt be devoted to Correſpondence. The following pair of Portraits, though drawn with a ſombre, or rather ſatirical pencil, may not be amiſs to be ſeriouſly contemplated, even by thoſe who bear the leaſt reſemblance to them. I wiſh to believe, that there are few neighbours, or wives, who anſwer the deſcription of my correſpondent, or who will feel themſelves affected by his irony; but as inſtruction by contraſt is frequently the moſt forcible mode in which it can be applied, I ſee no impropriety in ſhewing "Vice her own feature," in order that conſcious Virtue may rejoice in its exemption from the deformity. With this intention it is probable the ſtrictures were written, and with this certainly they are publiſhed.

CHARACTER OF A GOOD NEIGHBOUR.

A good neighbour is like a ſpring-trap, ready to catch you for every treſpaſs, either accidental or intended. He ſmiles in your face, and yet for a ſhilling would cut your throat. He is always extremely civil while you have a good tap and make him welcome to taſte it; but no ſooner is your barrel empty than he diſcontinues his viſits. If you aſk him to eat a bit of mutton at your table, every thing is choice, excellent, and ſo forth; but no ſooner does he meet any of his companions than he either cenſures you for extravagance, or taxes

you with meanneſs, and makes your family and domeſtic economy the objects of his ridicule and animadverſion.

A good neighbour will ſee your ſervants defraud you, your enemies traduce you, and your credit and intereſt ſinking in the world, without putting you on your guard, or giving you the leaſt intimation of what he has heard, provided he thinks you are unacquainted with it; but he no ſooner knows that you are no ſtranger to the buſineſs, than he approaches you with looks of affected condolance, expreſſes his concern for your misfortune, ſays he always feared it would happen ſo, and aſſures you that he often wiſhed to inform you of what every body but yourſelf knew, only he was apprehenſive that you would have regarded him as a buſy-body, and one who concerned himſelf with other people's affairs—a character he had always deſpiſed. In your preſence he will throw out his hypocritical cant, and endeavour to convince you how much he has your intereſt at heart; but no ſooner is your back turned than he laughs at the fool who gave credit to his aſſertions, and joins the voice of Malevolence, and the cenſure of Ignorance. Of all things he ſeems moſt fearful that you ſhould do too well in the world, or have too much buſineſs; and if you are really deſerving of ſucceſs, and likely to obtain it, he ſets all engines to work to fix ſome ſtigma on your conduct, nor even loſes an opportunity of detracting from your induſtry, or your integrity.

Should your moſt inveterate enemy propagate any falſehood to your prejudice, no ſooner does a *good* neighbour get hold of it, than he induſtriouſly circulates the aſperſion, to prevent its being loſt; and in every public company ſtarts the ſubject with feigned expreſſions of ſorrow, and cautions againſt implicitly believing it; though he takes care, at the ſame time, to intimate that it comes from extraordinary good authority. —If your moral or religious character, your temper, or your education, happen to be the topic of converſation, with an expreſſive motion of the head, or ſignificant wink, he gives his aſſociates to underſtand, that theſe things are now-a-days but little regarded; and that, if a man has but money, he is

every

every thing that the world eſteems. This doctrine, he is fully convinced, is literally true in modern times; and, therefore, that you may not get the ſtart of him in eſteem, he exerts every effort to keep you poor.

Should you be attacked behind your back in the moſt virulent manner, though he makes a feint of defending you, he nevertheleſs thinks this a favourable opportunity of enumerating all your failings and misfortunes, from your birth to the preſent moment; and concludes with ſaying,—He believes you mean well, but that you are miſled by your paſſions, governed by your wife, or ill-adviſed by pretended friends.

All this, however, is done under the maſk of good neighbourhood; and to villify you to the world, and expoſe every little foible or overſight he may have a better opportunity of obſerving than others, is only acting like a man who wiſhes you well from his heart, and would do any thing to ſerve you. In a word, a *good* neighbour is a perpetual maſk, internally falſe, but externally fair; a raven hovering over your carcaſs, from the hopes of ſome ſpoil; a ſea-gull that will hunt you, were it only for your ordure; and the very reverſe, in every reſpect, of what you would wiſh him to be, and he affects to appear.

Character of a Good Wife.

A good wife is one who conſiders her huſband only as an uſeful ſlave to her pleaſures, and ſeldom takes the leaſt notice of him, except when ſhe has a favour o aſk, or wiſhes to impoſe on him. She follows her own inclinations, deſpiſes all conjugal affection, laughs at her dupe, guards her ſettlement like the dragon in the garden of the Heſperides, and, ſhould her good man be wiſe enough to ſee ſhe does not love him, tears are always at hand to anſwer arguments. "My dear!" "my life!" and "my love!" are poured out in ſuch melting accents, that he muſt be a monſter of inſenſibility who is proof againſt their force.

When the cares of the world aſſail him, and he becomes dull with the preſſure of calamity, ſhe immediately charges

him with want of affection; and, by her importunity, gives a poignancy to every pang, inſtead of partaking in his griefs. If ſhe hears him traduced, ſhe quietly endures it, without reply, or endeavouring to ſet people right; and if he happens to be injured by any one, ſo far from reſenting it, ſhe ſhews the warmth of her affection, by contracting a more than uſual intimacy with the perſon who has wronged him. She is infinitely above aſſiſting his views in buſineſs, and ſhews the moſt ſovereign indifference for his happineſs or ſucceſs. If he thrives in the world, ſhe either takes care by a thouſand extravagances to keep him humble, and prevent ſuperfluity, or makes a private purſe, to ſecure her own independence.—If he ſinks, ſhe ſtands aloof; and, inſtead of ſoothing his misfortunes, inſults him with upbraidings for miſconduct. In a word, ſhe acts as if ſhe married him only to have an opportunity of tormenting him; and granted him a ſuperiority over his rivals in her affection, merely to treat him with the greater contempt. Should the poor man take it into his head that her moral conduct has been none of the moſt unexceptionable, ſhe becomes eloquent in avowing her immaculate innocence; and, in ſpite of all his ſenſes, will convince him, or endeavour to convince him, that ſhe never loved any one but him; that is, never cordially hated any other man, or thought him worthy of being plagued with her for life. She ſpeaks in baſs all day, but changes to treble at night; and—"My dear!" and "My love!' of the morning, is the "Brute!" and "Monſter!" of the day. She thinks it would ſink her importance to repoſe the ſmalleſt confidence in him, and is as private reſpecting her current concerns, as ſhe is cautious to conceal the names of thoſe whom ſhe really regards. Nevertheleſs, ſhe will ſometimes acknowledge her huſband to be a good kind of man: always taking care, however, to cloſe his character with ſome degrading exception, which wipes away more than half his virtues. To conclude; ſhe is prodigal in proſperity, a very fury in adverſity, a toll-gate continually exacting pay, and the everlaſting enemy of domeſtic peace and felicity!

TO

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

I AM a ſubſcriber to your entertaining and uſeful Work, and take the liberty of ſubmitting my particular caſe to your attention, in the hope that ſome of your readers will afford me relief, by undertaking the defence of a large claſs of neglected Females, in whoſe fate I am deeply intereſted, and who at preſent labour under undeſerved reproach and deriſion. You will, I dare ſay, already foreſee, that I mean thoſe ladies who, by ſome indulgent gentlemen, are thought deſerving of pity when they have paſſed their twenty-fifth year in a ſtate of celibacy, and who are ever afterwards denominated Old Maids. Yes, Sir, it is their reputation in which I have an intereſt; and an adherence to them is the cauſe of the ſufferings of which it is the object of this letter to procure an alleviation, by requeſting that ſome one will maintain the reſpectability of the ſiſterhood, and allow me to enter into the number in quietneſs and peace.

You muſt know, Sir, I am a young lady about nineteen, neither ill-natured, nor altogether deſtitute of thoſe qualities which are found to recommend our ſex at ſuch an age.—— Thus much I think it neceſſary to premiſe, in order to prevent an opinion being entertained, that I am conſigned by neglect to a mode of life which proceeds alone from my own choice. This, I believe, I may aſſert with ſome confidence.

From an attention to the manners and diſpoſitions of thoſe men with whom I have been acquainted, at different times, I have adopted opinions highly inimical to any propoſal that could be made for taking any one of them as a friend and companion for life. The ignorance of ſome, the diſguſting frivolity of others, and a certain want of delicacy of mind in all, have made me reſolve to decline that protection and happineſs, which, it is ſaid, they have it in their power to afford.

As

As I may probably reſume this part of my ſubject, if you can find room for the preſent letter, I will briefly mention, that the conſequence of all I have ſeen, is a reſolution to retire from the buſy crowd, far from the noxious breath of flattery, where I ſhall not be diſturbed by the buzzing of thoſe ephemeral admirers, who are inſenſible to every feeling but that of intereſt, or ſelf-love. I already pant and look forward with eagerneſs to the period when I ſhall be allowed to paſs my days in tranquility and independence, unmoleſted by the vanity and trifling rivalſhips of my own ſex, or the deſigning arts of the other. ———

" This is my wiſh——an humble ſpot of ground,
" A garden well diſpos'd, and fenc'd around;
" A bubbling fountain to my dwelling nigh,
" With cryſtal treaſures ſtor'd, and never dry:
" The whole defended by a modeſt wood——."

Agreeably to this, I have already fixed on a ſequeſtered ſpot in the neighbourhood of Bothwell Caſtle, once the reſidence of the unfortunate Queen whoſe memoirs appeared in your laſt. Let it not, however, be underſtood that I am to be entirely ſecluded from ſociety: no; I will be accompanied by the friend of my heart, the companion of my childhood—one who has a mind endowed with the livelieſt ſenſibility, and who will participate in my troubles and enjoyments, and ſhare with me in the pleaſures which Nature will never ceaſe to afford. *She*, again, will find in the boſom of *her* friend a return of thoſe ſoothing ſympathies, which will at once diminiſh our cares, and conſtitute the chief part of our happineſs.

But it is now time to leave this pleaſing ſcene, to dwell on one more painful, and which is the cauſe of my preſent trouble. I am beſet and importuned, on every ſide, with thoſe who are deſirous of altering my intentions. When I begin to ſpeak, I am immediately overpowered with an irreſiſtible torrent of invective againſt Old Maids, followed by a never-

failing

failing panegyric on the happineſs to be derived from Matrimony; a topic they often inſiſt on.

It was but lately, when walking over a common with ſome others, that an affectionate (though ſometimes troubleſome) ſiſter ſingled me out in an object of pity.——

"I know your thoughts," ſaid ſhe: "you are comparing what your own ſituation is ſoon to be (forlorn and unprotected) with that ſolitary buſh (pointing at the ſame time to the only one within our view), which lies expoſed to every rude blaſt of the element!"

It is thus I am treated, Sir. Another tormentor, a moſt teazing wretch, is continually talking of a family of ſix ſiſters, who have each of them ſeen forty, but who have all (what *he* calls) the misfortune of being *independent*. The life I lead is really intolerable! This laſt plague is a perſon, who to all the eccentricities of an Old Bachelor unites many peculiarities entirely his own; and who, I believe, like many others, declaims againſt a ſtep ſuch as mine, merely to turn our reſolutions, in order to afford them a chance of ſucceeding when they have been repulſed every where elſe.

I have now determined to remain ſilent. As a laſt effort, however, I have thought of making this communication, in order to ſilence thoſe malicious creatures, who, unſettled in their own proſpects, are ſeemingly determined I ſhall not have an advantage over them, by contemplating *my* plan of life;—a plan, however, which Nature and many concurring circumſtances have ſtimulated me to enter on.

I have already told you, Sir, all I wiſh is peace; but at preſent it ſeems far diſtant. I can only look forward to the time when I ſhall take poſſeſſion of my cottage, and have it in my power to exclude all perſecutors, under whatever name they may ſeek an entrance. The preſent is a trial which I endeavour to bear with patience and ſubmiſſion. In moments of irritation, I cannot help, indeed, wiſhing them all as many fathoms deep in love as they are years old.

I will now take my leave, and will ever conſider myſelf your obliged ſervant,

L——, *Dec.* 16, 1799. B.

SINGU-

SINGULAR CUSTOM

AMONG THE LADIES OF IRELAND.

[*From* "Caſtle Rackrent," *juſt publiſhed.*]

A *Raking pot of tea.*——We ſhould obſerve, this cuſtom has long ſince been baniſhed from the higher orders of Iriſh gentry. The myſteries of a raking pot of tea, like thoſe of the Bona Dea, are ſuppoſed to be ſacred to females; but, now and then, it has happened that ſome of the male ſpecies, who were either more audacious or more highly favoured than the reſt of their ſex, have been admitted by ſtealth to theſe orgies. The time when the feſtive ceremony begins varies according to circumſtances, but is never earlier than twelve o'clock at night; the joys of a raking pot of tea depending on its being made in ſecret, and at an unſeaſonable hour. After a ball, when the more diſcreet part of the company has departed to reſt, a few choſen female ſpirits, who have footed it till they can foot it no longer, and till the ſleepy notes expire under the flurring hand of the muſician, retire to a bed-chamber, call the favourite maid (who alone is admitted), bid her *put down the kettle*, lock the door, and, amidſt as much giggling as poſſible, they get round a tea-table, on which all manner of things are huddled together. Then begin mutual railleries and mutual confidences, amongſt the young ladies, and the faint ſcream and the loud laugh is heard, and the romping for letters and pocket-books begins, and gentlemen are called by their ſurnames, or by the general name of fellows—pleaſant fellows!—charming fellows!—odious fellows!—abominable fellows!——and then all prudiſh decorums are forgotten; and then we might be convinced how much the ſatirical Poet was miſtaken when he ſaid,

"There is no woman where there's no reſerve."

The

The merit of the original idea of a raking pot of tea, evidently belongs to the waſherwoman and the laundry-maid.—But why ſhould we not have *Low life above ſtairs*, as well as *High life below ſtairs?*

AN IRISH WAKE DESCRIBED.

[From the ſame.]

Wake. A WAKE in England means a feſtival held upon the anniverſary of the Saint of the pariſh. At theſe wakes ruſtic games, ruſtic conviviality, and ruſtic courtſhip, are purſued with all the ardour, and all the appetite, which accompany ſuch pleaſures as occur but ſeldom.

In Ireland a wake is a midnight meeting, held profeſſedly for the indulgence of holy ſorrow, but uſually it is converted into orgies of unholy joy. When an Iriſh man or woman of the lower order dies, the ſtraw which compoſed his bed, whether it is contained in a bag to form a mattreſs, or ſimply ſpread upon the earthen floor, is immediately taken out of the houſe, and burned before the cabin door; the family at the ſame time ſetting up the death howl. The ears and the eyes of the neighbours being thus alarmed, they flock to the houſe of the deceaſed, and by their vociferous ſympathy excite, and at the ſame time ſooth, the ſorrows of the family.

It is curious to obſerve, how good and bad are mingled in human inſtitutions. In countries which were thinly inhabited this cuſtom prevented private attempts againſt the lives of individuals, and formed a kind of coroner's inqueſt upon the body which had recently expired; and burning the ſtraw, upon which the ſick man lay, became a ſimple preſervative againſt infection.

At night the dead body is waked, that is to ſay, all the friends and neighbours of the deceaſed collect in a barn or ſtable, where the corpſe is laid upon ſome boards, or an unhinged door, ſupported upon ſtools; the face expoſed, and the reſt of the body covered with a white ſheet. Round the body

body are ſtuck in braſs candleſticks, which have been borrowed at perhaps five miles diſtance, as many candles as the poor perſon can beg or borrow; obſerving always to have an odd number. Pipes and tobacco are firſt diſtributed, and then, according to the *ability* of the deceaſed, cakes and ale are *dealt* to the company.

" Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
" Deal on your cakes and your wine,
" For whatever is dealt at her fun'ral to-day
" Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

After a fit of univerſal ſorrow, and the comfort of a univerſal dram, the ſcandal of the neighbourhood (as in higher circles) occupy the company. The young lads and laſſes romp with one another; and, when the fathers and mothers are at laſt overcome with ſleep and whiſkey *(vino & ſomno)*, the youth become more enterprizing, and are frequently ſucceſsful. It is ſaid that more matches are made at wakes than at weddings.

A SUBMARINE GROTTO,

Lately diſcovered on the Malabar Coaſt by Capt. Nixon, of the Apollo. Deſcribed by himſelf.

"AT one part of the reef, to the weſtward of the flag-ſtaff, I diſcovered a large bed of coral, almoſt even with the ſurface of the water, which afforded, perhaps, one of the moſt enchanting proſpects that Nature has any where produced.—Its baſe was fixed to the ſhore, and reached ſo far in that it could not be ſeen, ſo that it ſeemed to be ſuſpended in the water, which deepened ſo ſuddenly, that at the diſtance of a few yards there might be 7 or 8 fathoms. The ſea being unruffled, and the ſun ſhining bright, expoſed the various ſorts of coral in the moſt beautiful order; ſome parts branching into the water with the greateſt luxuriance, others lying collected in round balls, &c. all which were greatly heightened by ſpangles of the richeſt colours, that glowed from a number of large clamms which were every where interſperſed."

The

The Ruins of St. Oſwald.

A ROMANCE.

[Continued from Page 24.]

CHAP. III.

THE Count, now in poſſeſſion of the only deſirable object of his purſuit, thought it uſeleſs to preſerve any appearances with Adelaide, and now ſeverely repaid her for her former open diſlike of him; and the diſpoſition of Dufour, naturally incontinent, eaſily yielded to ſuggeſtions that were to the diſadvantage of his wife while promoted by his father. He began to perceive that his Adelaide had faults, which before had paſſed unobſerved: her love of retirement he called gloomy ſullenneſs; her patient endurance of his whims, provoking inſenſibility; and her love for her children, was denominated exceſſive indulgence. Adelaide perceived this alteration in his temper with regret, and, too late, found that the diſſimilarity of their tempers and purſuits muſt neceſſarily preclude that harmony which can ſecure happineſs in the married ſtate. Dufour ſighed for pleaſures which were to her, at beſt, taſteleſs: his joys centered in the rattle of the dice, the ſplendour of a ball-room, and in the exhilarating delights of champaign; thoſe of Adelaide, in beholding, with maternal rapture, the progreſſive improvements, both in the minds and perſons, of her children; reading, or tracing, through its various animated productions, the bounty of Nature;—to her huſband inſipid and unprofitable employments! His temper, too, naturally cheerful, gradually ſunk into apathy; frequent fits of melancholy ſeized him, and his mind ſeemed labouring with ſome ſecret calamity. In vain Adelaide, with the tendereſt concern, endeavoured to diſcover the cauſe: he pettiſhly chid her for this conduct, or, more frequently, fled her preſence, as an object that excited unpleaſant reflections. Chilled with this coldneſs, Adelaide importuned him; but

his unkindneſs ſunk deep into her heart, the feelings of which ſhe now, for the firſt time, began rightly to underſtand.

The fine figure and inſinuating manners of Dufour had firſt attracted her admiration, and deceived her into a belief that ſhe loved him; that belief was ſtrengthened when her duty as a wife rendered it juſt, and while his good behaviour led her to ſuppoſe he regarded her with affection: but now the veil was removed, and the unmerited ill treatment ſhe received from him entirely alienated her affection, excepting ſuch as ſhe neceſſarily owed to the father of her children; to them ſhe turned all her care, and which ſhe found well repaid by their docility.

The death of the Count about this time was to her a moſt ſeaſonable relief, as ſhe was well aware of the diſlike he had to her, and naturally enough attributed to his influence over her huſband the injuſtice of his treatment.

On this point, however, ſhe was ſoon undeceived, and, to her infinite concern and aſtoniſhment, found the acquiſition of a title ſerved but to augment his deſires for making what he called a figure in life; and an incident which juſt then occurred increaſed the unhappineſs of her ſituation.

Anna ruſhed one day into the Counteſs's apartment with a look of terror, and, ſcarcely taking time to breathe, cried —"Lord, Madam! what do you think I have heard?"

"What?" demanded the affrighted Adelaide, fearing tidings of dreadful import.

"I have heard," continued Anna, looking round her with evident diſmay, "what has, I m ſure, almoſt frightened me to death. You know the ruins of the north wing of the Abbey, my Lady?"

"Yes:——What of them?"

"Ah! my Lady, I am informed, from very good authority, that they are haunted!"

"Haunted!" re-echoed the Counteſs with alarm; then, checking herſelf for her incautious word, ſhe ſaid—"Nonſenſe!——pr'ythee, ſay no more,"--pointing at the ſame time

time to her children, who, frightened at the wild and agitated manner of Anna, hung on their mother for protection, and gazed on the narrator with ſilent wonder. Anna underſtood the hint, and the ſubject was dropped.

At dinner the Count, moſt unuſually, happened to be preſent. When the children were introduced with the deſert, Alfred, to whom he had always ſhewn the moſt partiality, climbed his knee, and, looking earneſtly in his face, ſaid——"Pray, Papa, what is the meaning of the word Haunted?"

"Haunted!" replied the Count, looking angrily at Adelaide: "what does the child mean?"

"Why," returned Alfred, not heeding his father's looks, "Anna told Mamma that the north wing of the Abbey was haunted. I never heard the word before."

The Count ſeemed much diſpleaſed, and, putting the child forcibly on the ground, roſe haſtily and quitted the room, ſhutting the door after him with violence.

Adelaide was ſhocked: ſhe took the child in her arms—a tear fell on its face in endeavouring to conceal it from the watchful eyes of her children——and ringing the bell, Anna appeared——"Where is your maſter?" ſhe demanded.

"He is gone out, Madam, in a great paſſion; and ſays he ſhall not return for ſome time. I was juſt coming to you with a note which he wrote in the hall."

"Give it me," cried Adelaide, eagerly ſnatching it from her hand; and, breaking the ſeal, found it to contain the following words——

"Madam,

"So long as you continue to encourage your ſervants and children in ridiculous fancies, to the injury of my character, I cannot ſubmit to reſide under the ſame roof with one ſo little careful of my reputation.——Conſidering your defenceleſs ſtate, I think it moſt prudent to quit the Abbey myſelf, notwithſtanding the delicate inferences you may draw from thence. When you ſhall have

diſmiſſed thoſe unfounded fears, and ſuppreſſed the impertinence of your ſervant, you may probably again behold

"ST. OSWALD."

All the innate pride of Adelaide was rouſed at the inſulting billet, and ſhe enquired who accompanied the Count.

"No one but his man, Walter, Madam," replied Anna.

Adelaide eaſily perceived this was but a trick to give ſome plauſible colouring to his deſertion of her, and, filled with indignation at his conduct, ſhe wrote as follows, which ſhe knew would be found by him at the poſt-houſe, where moſt of his letters were directed.

"Sir,

"I once vainly imagined I could be happy in an union with you. Your unmerited ill behaviour has ſhewn me the fallacy of my hopes; and I am now as willing for a ſeparation as yourſelf. Permit me, then, to retire to my paternal eſtate, the Caſtle De Laneville, when you will no more be troubled with my frivolous fears. The education of your children ſhall conſtitute my pleaſure.—— While I view the growing virtues of my Alfred, I will endeavour to baniſh from my memory the vices of his father.

"ADELAIDE ST. OSWALD."

This ſpirited letter was not likely to produce a reconciliation. The Count's reply was ſhort and ſevere; deſiring her to continue where ſhe was then, until ſhe received further orders from him; hinting, that if he were no longer loved, he expected to be *obeyed*. Her haughty ſoul was ſoon ſubdued, and ſhe wept her unhappy fate. She ſometimes ventured to enquire for the Count, but the ſervants were either unable, or unwilling, to give her any information.

Several years were paſſed in this ſtate. Alfred attained his fourteenth year, and Louiſa was a twelvemonth younger; but both became inquiſitive about the Ruins; for the ſervants had

had not failed to inſpire them with ideas of a moſt romantic tendency concerning them. Adelaide continually endeavoured to ſuppreſs all ſuch reports, but they daily gained ground in the credulous minds of the ignorant; and it was commonly proteſted that objects had been ſeen paſſing to and fro among the ruins.

Alfred, who had never betrayed any fears of a ſuperſtitious tendency, one evening eluded the vigilance of his mother, and repaired to the ſpot where it was ſuppoſed the ſpectre had appeared. It was a large ſquare, and appeared to have been formerly a court-yard, dividing the monaſtery from the chapel: the ſtairs had fallen round it, forming immenſe piles of rubbiſh; and the ſacred building ſeemed in a ſtate of rapid decay. A ſmall door caught his attention, which belonged to that part of the ruins ſtill retaining the appearance of a chapel, but was nearly concealed by the rubbiſh which was heaped againſt it; and through this door Alfred ſtrongly deſired to paſs.—He accordingly laboured with all his ſtrength to remove the bricks and mortar; but as night cloſed in faſt, he was obliged to leave his taſk unfiniſhed. Exhauſted with his unſucceſsful efforts, he ſeated himſelf upon a large fragment of ſtone to reſt, and fixed his eyes upon the ruins in deep and awful contemplation.

The moon roſe uncommonly bright: its reflecting beams were ſtrewn on an aperture, in the decayed wall, which had formerly been a window, but no remnant of a caſement remained. A figure glided paſt: again it returned, and ſtood full in the chaſm. It appeared, as nearly as he could diſcern, to be a female form; the garments were white, and her hands were claſped on her face while her head was reclined on her cheſt. Alfred was, however, ſtruck, and remained with his eyes fixed till the figure diſappeared. He then roſe to quit the place, but his enervated limbs refuſed to ſupport him, and he ſunk again upon the rubbiſh, till rouſed by a voice diſtinctly pronouncing his name. He looked round with terror, and found, to his infinite relief, that it was only the ſervant ſent by his mother to ſeek him.

When he returned to the Abbey, the Counteſs, obſerving his palid looks and trembling lips, demanded if he was unwell.

"I have fatigued myſelf," replied he, "in wandering further than I intended; and I fear the night damps have given me cold. I ſhall be better in the morning."

They ſoon after retired to reſt. Alfred paſſed a ſleepleſs night, revolving in his mind the adventure of the preceding evening; and his meditation concluded with a determination to return again, on the enſuing day, and if poſſible develope the myſtery which ſeemed to invite it.

The impatience of his youthful imagination could ſcarce brook the delay of the intervening day, and at an early hour of the evening he again renewed his laborious taſk. Provided with an old ruſty ſword, which he had found in the Abbey, and brought with him as a weapon of defence againſt danger, and as an inſtrument to aſſiſt him in removing the rubbiſh, he at length ſucceeded, and with very little force opened the door, rendered by the continual damps ſo rotten as to be unable to withſtand the leaſt reſiſtance.

On entering, he found himſelf in a large dreary cloiſter; but the moon, ſhining through the ruins, gave ſuch promiſcuous light, as frequently deceived him reſpecting the ſurrounding objects. After cautiouſly parading the place, he found a narrow winding ſtair-caſe, which he would directly have aſcended, had not the decayed ſtate of them rendered it an enterpriſe of too much danger for him to venture out of mere curioſity. While heſitating, a deep ſigh, ſucceeded by a groan, ſtartled him, and he in vain looked about for the cauſe. The moon being juſt then obſcured by a cloud, left him in much diſtreſs, and the ſound of the Abbey clock ſtriking ten warned him to return, leſt the Counteſs ſhould be alarmed at his ſtay; and he well knew, ſhould he be again found in that place, it would awaken her ſuſpicions, and thereby deter him from completing his intention: he therefore groped his way out, and as he croſſed the yard, the moon again emerging, the ſame figure met his eye, in the

ſame

ſame attitude. He gazed at it till it diſappeared. With ſolemn ſteps he retired to the Abbey, his head filled with enthuſiaſtic valour.

His increaſed dejection alarmed his mother, who entreated to know the cauſe. He alledged his indiſpoſition, and, making that a plea, retired.

The Counteſs was not ſo eaſily deceived: ſhe ſaw that he had ſome real cauſe of unhappineſs; and, tenderly alive to every idea of danger that awaited her ſon, ſhe determined never to let him quit the Abbey without being narrowly watched by herſelf, in the hope of diſcovering the cauſe of his evening rambles, and alarming illneſs.

CHAP. IV.

ON the following evening Alfred ſought the ruined chapel; and the Counteſs, agreeably to her determination, having given Louiſa ſome employment in a diſtant part of the Abbey, followed him unobſerved into the ſquare. What were her emotions when ſhe ſaw him enter at the ſmall door! —She faintly uttered—"My ſon!——ſtay, ſtay, my Alfred!"—and hurried after him as faſt as her trembling limbs would permit. She looked wildly round, but ſaw him not: ſhe wandered to and fro, fearing to truſt her voice, leſt ſomething dreadful ſhould enſue. The night cloſed faſt, and the darkneſs all around added new horror to her ſituation. Preſently a loud ſcream, and a ſound as of falling ruin, cauſed her to drop ſenſeleſs on the pavement.

Alfred had proceeded carefully up the mutilated ſtair-caſe, and had juſt reached the top, when the figure he had perceived on the two laſt evenings ruſhed haſtily paſt, and, ſtriking againſt him with ſome violence, the fragments of ſtone gave way, and they fell together with the ſcream that had ſo much terrified the Counteſs.

Alfred was the firſt who recovered from the ſhock received by the fall, and, groping round for the cauſe, his hand reached

reached that of the perſon who had fallen with him: it was cold as death. Fearing the blow had materially injured the perſon, whom he now found to be a woman, he haſtily raiſed her in his arms, and was about to carry her away, when a low, broken voice uttered——"Alfred!" He ſtarted, and would have let his burthen fall; but at that moment the Counteſs, raiſing herſelf from the ground, claſped him in her arms.

The joy at this rencounter was only damped by the unhappy ſtate of the ſtranger, who ſtill remained lifeleſs.—— With the aſſiſtance of each other they dragged her to the Abbey: the ſervants were ſummoned, and reſtoratives adminiſtered with ſucceſs. She recovered, and raiſing her eyes to the Counteſs, their expreſſion conveyed her thanks.

Adelaide was ſtruck with the beauty of her gueſt, for a more intereſting figure could ſcarcely be conceived. She appeared to be about ſeventeen; her hair, a gloſſy black, hung in neglected ringlets over her face, which when thrown back diſcovered a countenance favoured with a ſet of moſt beautifully proportioned features. Her eyes, not quite black, were full and piercing, but tempered with ſuch melancholy ſoftneſs, as immediately engaged the pity of the beholders; her robe, which had been white, was diſcoloured and torn; and her ſkin, of the moſt tranſparent whiteneſs, was disfigured by the bruiſes which ſhe had received in her fall. She ſtared at the ſurrounding objects with vacant terror, and only articulated —— "Save my mother!—Oh, take me to my mother!" She then incoherently demanded the reaſon of her being detained there.

The Counteſs, who ſaw the derangement of her mind, ſilenced her enquiries, and calmed her with aſſurances of all being well, provided ſhe would compoſe herſelf to that reſt of which ſhe ſtood ſo much in need.

She ſlept about an hour, then roſe franticly, and inſiſted on being reſtored to her mother. With ſome difficulty they prevailed upon her to be more calm; and promiſed, as ſoon as it was day-light they would accompany her back to the

ſpot

ſpot where they found her. This ſatisfied her, and ſhe enjoyed for ſome hours a kind of repoſe. Louiſa, who ſat by her during the night, found her very feveriſh. She ſtarted, breathed ſhort, and ſeemed to labour under ſome heavy grief.

Notwithſtanding her illneſs, as ſoon as ſhe awoke, ſhe claimed the performance of their promiſe; and the Counteſs was, very reluctantly, neceſſitated to comply. They all attended her to the eventful ſpot, where ſhe entered with an eagerneſs not to be reſtrained. The chaſm occaſioned by the breaking of the ſtairs was ſo wide, that Alfred could ſcarcely climb acroſs. The Counteſs raiſed the ſtranger in her arms, and Alfred with an effort of ſtrength dragged her up after him. He then followed his fair guide, who ſprung forward with ſuch rapidity, that he every moment expected the total demolition of the whole ſtructure. She led him through the remains of ſeveral apartments, the walls of which had long forſaken the ſides, and lay mouldering in heaps on the ground. At every ſtep they took the ſtones tottered under them, and filled Alfred with diſmay; but the ſtranger ſeemed devoid of apprehenſion, and walked forward with an unconcerned air till ſhe reached an apartment that was in better condition than thoſe they had before paſſed through. She turned to Alfred, and, in a low voice, bade him "Follow. Perhaps," added ſhe, "my mother yet lives!"

Alfred did as ſhe ordered, and his conductreſs led him into a ſuite of rooms decently furniſhed; but the ſilence of the place, and the melancholy caſt cauſed by the ſhade of the ivy creeping round the diminiſhed windows, inſpired him with unſpeakable ſenſations.

He followed the ſtranger down into a ſmall room, where, upon a bed, lay ſtretched the body of a woman, lovely even in death. By the ſide ſtood a table, upon which were writing implements, and ſeveral fragments of paper. The ſtranger approached the bed, and, claſping the corpſe in her arms, cried———

"She is gone!———My dear mother!!"

Alfred,

Alfred, not willing to interrupt her ſacred grief, remained paſſive till he ſaw the ebullition of it find vent in tears. He then tried to ſooth her, entreating her to leave the afflicting ſcene, and return with him, where ſhe might be ſure of experiencing the tendereſt care of his mother.

—" Mother! " repeated the afflicted girl, looking round her with a gaze of fear, but appearing inattentive to the reſt of his addreſs

Alfred tried gently to lead her: ſhe ſhuddered, advanced to the table, and collecting the fragments of writing, ſhe placed them in her boſom.——" Dear memorials of our misfortunes! " ſighed ſhe: " to me ye are invaluable! " —She again eyed the body, and made an effort to carry it with her. Alfred, alarmed at this intention and her apparent inſenſibility, forcibly withheld her, and her arms fell nerveleſs by her ſide. Taking advantage of this, Alfred once more lifted her in his arms, and conveyed her down the ſtair-caſe, at the bottom of which the Counteſs and Louiſa had ſeated themſelves, to wait his return.

The ſtranger was by this time recovered, and, ſeeming ſenſible of their kind endeavours to comfort her, ſtruggled to ſuppreſs the violence of her grief, and with aſſumed compoſure ſuffered herſelf to be led to the Abbey.

She then entreated the Counteſs to permit her to retire, apologizing for the trouble ſhe had ſo unintentionally occaſioned them, and thanking them in the moſt grateful terms for their goodneſs. When ſhe was about to withdraw, ſhe took the papers from her boſom, and, unobſerved by the others, ſlipped them into the hand of her patroneſs, ſaying— " Read theſe, dear Lady: they will inform you whom you have honoured with your protection. Need I obſerve, that you are the only one I ſhould wiſh to be acquainted with my ſad tale; the peruſal of which will convince you of the propriety of my requeſt."

The Counteſs kindly preſented her hand, and promiſed the enjoined ſecreſy; when with Louiſa the ſtranger retired.

When

When they were gone, Adelaide began to inſpect the narrative. At the firſt words the paper fell from her hand, and her emotion was ſo great, that it was a conſiderable time before ſhe could renew her taſk, and with mingled ſenſations of grief, horror, and ſurprize, ſhe ran over the following—

MEMORIAL OF MADAME DUFOUR.

ADDRESSED TO HER ONLY CHILD, ELLINOR, DAUGHTER TO THE CHEVALIER DUFOUR.

"SOON ſhall this trembling hand ceaſe to indite the ſorrows of a heart cruſhed beneath the weight of accumulated miſery. When this fragile form ſhall be ſeparated into particles of indiſtinguiſhable duſt, then may my woes be terminated; but in ſome breaſt there will ſtill remain a ſmart, which not even the lenient hand of Time can heal. Conſcience, in the boſom of my perſecutor, will cauſe a corroding anguiſh, inſeparable from guilt. The heart which once beat with ſolicitous throbs for the welfare of my child, is now at reſt; but, oh, never may the wrongs of the infatuated Clementina be obliterated from the memory of her Ellinor!

"Go, my daughter—go, ſeek thy inhuman father; follow him through the world on thy knees, and beſeech him to do thee juſtice. Say thou art his daughter, and ſuch as he need not bluſh to acknowledge, though other children now engroſs his care. Oh! my Ellinor, henceforth ſhun mankind, as your direſt foe: deceitful are their ſmiles as the tears of crocodiles, and meant to allure thee to deſtruction. I will endeavour to relate my misfortunes: may they prove ſerviceable leſſons to my child!

"At the French Court I was once a diſtinguiſhed favourite. The Duke de O———— had rendered his Majeſty, while Dauphin, ſome ſignal ſervices, for which he was rewarded with an eminent poſt in the houſhold. Sole heireſs to the immenſe fortune of the Duke my father, and poſſeſſed of ſome perſonal attractions, it is not ſurprizing that I was followed as a prodigy; careſſed and flattered wherever I went.

"The

"The Count St. Oſwald at this time came with his ſon to Paris. I happened to be near at the preſentation, and the firſt glance of the young Chevalier decided my fate. All my ſuitors were diſmiſſed contemptuouſly, when he firſt declared an attachment to be laſting as his life. Young and credulous, I gave him credit for ſincerity equal to my own, and imprudently engaged in a correſpondence with him unknown to my father, well knowing he would never conſent to the encouragement of a lover ſo much my inferior in point of fortune.

"The Chevalier, at every interview, perſuaded me to a private marriage; alledging, when once that had taken place, the Duke muſt neceſſarily be reconciled to the meaſure his own ſeverity had obliged us to adopt. We are too eaſily led whither our inclinations point; and every appearance of impropriety being done away by the acquieſcence of the Count, I conſented to an elopement. Alas! I ſoon found the cruel fallacy of our expectation. My father, enraged at my diſobedience, inſtantly diſinherited me, and bequeathed his fortune to the endowment of a monaſtery; and, fatally for me, breathed his laſt ere I could, by my contrite penitence, implore forgiveneſs for my diſobedience. Ah! Ellinor, here began my ſufferings. My ſoul ſickens at the recollection!—

"The ill temper of the Chevalier, from this bitter diſappointment, augmented daily, and he treated me with many marks of inhumanity. That dear youth, whom I had fondly imagined the epitome of every virtue, I found cruel and mercenary. To maintain an extravagant miſtreſs my fortune had been deemed neceſſary, his own having already been diſſipated by the extravagance of himſelf and the infamous Count; and, diſappointed in his expectations by the obduracy of my father, he determined to revenge himſelf on me, by the moſt unjuſtifiable treatment. What I then endured is almoſt incredible. Nothing, I am well convinced, would have prevented me from actual violence, in his fits of rage, but fear of endangering the life of the infant I then expected; and his hopes of a ſon kept him within the bounds of decency.

The

"The expected period arrived. My life was for some time despaired of, and my child necessarily consigned wholly to the care of the nurse; and, to my sorrow, I soon learnt that it was a girl. To myself it was a matter of indifference, or, indeed, rather pleasure; but I well knew what a dreadful mortification it would be to Dufour, and consequently would not fail to insure me worse usage than before.

"My first interview with the Chevalier brought with it conviction that I no longer, if ever, possessed any share of his regard. He viewed me with a malignant frown, and returned the child to the nurse without a single comment. Very soon after he left the room, evidently displeased. I had fixed my own fate, therefore had no right to repine. Ah! let the young and heedless pause but a moment, and think,—that there is an Omnipotent Power, which never fails, one day or other, to punish the disobedient!

"Repentance, the certain attendant of imprudence, was my bitter portion; and you, my Ellinor, was baptised in tears of ceaseless and severe contrition.

"One night he entered my apartment at a much later hour than he was ever accustomed to visit me; his hair was hanging loose on his shoulders, his dress disordered, and his countenance pale and evidently disturbed. He flung himself into a chair, and regarded me with a ghastly stare. Forgetting at once all my injuries, I threw my arms round his neck, and with tears entreated once more to share his confidence; trying by every fond endearment to engage his attention, and presented my lovely babe as an irresistible pleader. He put me from him with averted looks, and his hands trembled violently as he replaced the child in my arms.——

"Clementina," said he, "we are ruined!——Hear me out"—for I was about to speak.— "You know yourself to be the cause. The only restitution, therefore, you have now to make, is, to obey, without murmuring, what I desire.—You must prepare to accompany me this night into the country."

"This night!" ſaid I, ſhuddering and caſting a look of hopeleſs commiſeration on my babe. "Conſider!"—and could urge no farther—my voice faltered, and a tear trembled in my eye.

"Come, come," ſaid he, riſing as if with a ſudden impulſe, "no whining. You may take the child—I have not any objection; but be quick; I have no time to loſe in fooliſh repinings. Remember, it is all your own doing; therefore do not dare to reproach me."

"I raiſed my eyes to Heaven; but my own reflections painted to me the frowns of an injured parent. "Am I to have no attendant?" ſaid I, rather indignantly. He looked ſtedfaſtly at me——

"Clementina, you diſtreſs me! I have told you my mind. Beware!—You may perhaps provoke me to be more ſevere than I wiſh."

"I ſaw it was uſeleſs to expoſtulate; therefore made an exertion of my fortitude, and prepared to obey him. "Yes, Dufour," ſaid I, "I will bear all—You ſhall ſee that I will act as your wife, though you renounce the endearing title of huſband." He ſmiled with an expreſſion that I could not then comprehend, but it ſtruck an icy chill to my heart. I claſped my babe to my boſom; tears of agony would have fallen in its face, but pride taught me to ſuppreſs them, and with a deſpairing look I gave my hand to the Chevalier, who led me to the chaiſe which waited; and after lifting me almoſt immediately into it, he threw himſelf by the ſide of me, and drawing the blinds, and raiſing his elbow on my ſide, he heard me unmoved groan, with prefaging heart, a farewel to the Abbey."

The Counteſs had read to the end of the fragment, when her emotion almoſt overpowered her, and ſhe laid it down awhile, to give vent to the anguiſh of her heart. She was ſhocked at the ſeverity of her fate, and exclaimed—"Then I am not a wife! Where ſhall I hide my wretched head?—

Devoted

Devoted Clementina, it is I who have been the innocent cauſe of all thy grief. Dear Ellinor, never can my tendereſt care repay the ſufferings I have cauſed: but I will be to thee a mother;—yes, thou ſhalt ſhare the lot of my ill-fated offſpring—victims of unfeeling avarice, and abhorred deceit!" —She then looked among the papers for the remainder of the minutes; they ſeemed moſtly detached pieces, written at intervals of diſtraction: at length ſhe found one that ſeemed to bear the neareſt connection.—

"The night was dark, and dreadful; the contending elements ſeemed in concert with my mind; the vivid flaſhes of lightning ſerved to ſhew me, occaſionally, the viſage of my companion: his brows were knit, his lips livid, and his eyes glared with the fierceneſs of a demon; or, at leaſt, ſo my perturbed fancy repreſented it. I claſped my child yet cloſer to my breaſt, and lulled its innocent moans with my careſſes.—Ah! Heaven, what a craſh—I hear it ſtill in my ears!

"I was lifted from the ſhattered vehicle; the rain poured down in torrents; no ſhelter was in view but a pile of ruins; my heart ſunk within me when the Chevalier ſaid we muſt ſhelter there."

The entrance of Alfred at this moment interrupted the Counteſs, who was deeply intereſted in the fate of the unfortunate Clementina, but was obliged to ſuſpend her deſire until a more convenient opportunity.

[*To be continued.*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

I AM an old woman, and am grandmother to five hopeful boys, yet I fear my family will become extinct with the preſent generation. Three of my grandſons are a good deal above twenty, and are too wiſe to think of wives. The women of this

age, forſooth, are pretty things to look at, and they love to ſee the dear creatures at a ball; but marriage brings ſuch a train of cares and inconveniencies, that they will have nothing to do with it. The ſqualling of brats, the confuſion cauſed by a number of ſervants, the ceremonies of viſits, and the humours of the lady, with the expences that attend on wedlock, would be ſo many drawbacks on their peace and felicity. One of them indeed allows, a wife is the beſt companion when a man grows old and infirm, and wants a nurſe; but pertly obſerves, it would be a dear purchaſe to obtain conſolation for declining years, by being tormented during a long, active life.

Good Sir, this language is very different from what was uſed when I was young. I verily believe their grandfather thought me, though I was far from being a beauty, the promoter as well as partaker of his happineſs. But, alas! the young men of the preſent age ſeem to want that delicacy of thought, that quickneſs of ſenſation, which conſtitutes the higheſt bliſs of connubial friendſhip. They look on women as formed rather to ſatisfy the cravings of appetite, than for ſocial and mental enjoyments; and imagine the few who marry are hurried on by impetuous paſſions into a ſtate that affords no felicity in the cooler hours of reflection. Strangers to the exquiſite pleaſures of doubling delight, by communicating it to another ſelf; entirely ignorant of the high-raiſed ſatisfaction that flows from the conſideration of our bringing reaſonable creatures into being, and co operating with the univerſal Parent in fitting them for uſefulneſs and happineſs, they deſpiſe the character of the father and the huſband. And for what?—for a life of diſſipation, or gloomy ſolitude; or for both. The ſprightly youth who dangles with the girls to plays, to balls, to maſquerades, but is too wiſe to be caught in the marriage nooſe, as he calls it, when grown gray has no dear relative to relieve or ſoften his infirmities, but becomes a burthen to himſelf and his expectant heirs. On the other hand, the father of a family, which he has reared to virtue and filial duty, ſees his vigour renewed in his children, and leaves friends to his friend

who

who has conferred on him obligations, or dear relatives to receive returns from thoſe whom he has obliged. There is ſomething in this conſideration that ſeems to lengthen out the ſhort ſpace allotted to us here, and methinks we live in our offspring beyond the grave, without the infirmities or decrepitude of old age.

The bachelors of the preſent day pretend, that ladies are ſpoiled for wives by their education, and the manners they aſſume. But why is all the fault charged on them? I believe the wives, in proportion to the vices and follies of their huſbands, are no worſe now than when their fathers or grandfathers married. Would women who are fond of the economy of their families, or of ſtaying at home, be proper companions for a race of men who conſtantly frequent playhouſes, taverns, or gaming-tables?

Thoſe huſbands among my acquaintance who make, by good humour and a deſire to pleaſe, their own fire-ſide the happieſt ſituation, have ſeldom reaſon to complain of its being deſerted by their wives: but when men think home the propereſt place to ſhew their ill humour in, no wonder the women look upon it with diſguſt, and are fond of any amuſement, however frivolous and idle, that delivers them from a place where they meet with ſo many mortifications. The very men who make the conduct of the ladies an excuſe for continuing ſingle, are themſelves the principal promoters of this conduct. The poor child has ſcarcely broke looſe from the wing of her mother, than, if ſhe has the advantage of a fine perſon, or any ſtriking accompliſhment, ſhe is flattered with having perfections that make her, in her own eſteem, a demi angel.

Is it probable ſhe ſhould, while thus exalted, cheerfully ſubmit to the duties and cares of domeſtic life, eſpecially when theſe duties and theſe cares are rendered more humbling by the manner in which they are impoſed? Were they conſidered as what they really are, the counterpoiſe and balance to the labour and ſolicitude of the men, they would, like thoſe, be ſubmitted to with alacrity, and be ſweetened by the

hopes of reward. What would the linen draper or haberdaſher think, if he had heard that his neareſt friend had ſaid of him, the higheſt attainment he was capable of was meaſuring cloth or ribbons? Yet theſe are his indiſpenſable duties while in his preſent ſituation, as much as working with her needle, or making a pudding, are thoſe of his wife.

Excuſe the loquacity and incoherence of an old woman, who is your conſtant reader, and humble ſervant,

Z.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

AS I am fond of tracing effects to their original cauſe, and of inveſtigating things which appear complex, I generally occupy that hour which is devoted to the pleaſures of a pipe in attempting to define the phenomena of nature, and endeavouring to explain, upon a principle of reaſon, that which to an indiſcriminating mind would be thought incomprehenſible.

As I was laſt night ſeated in my chimney corner, quietly inhaling my ſoporific drug, I was ſuddenly withdrawn from my own reflections by the voluble declamations of my wife and daughter, who, knowing my fondneſs for taciturnity, ſeem to imagine that my ſenſe of hearing is quite as inert as that of ſpeech.

"I wonder," ſaid my daughter, in a ſtrain of envy and diſpleaſure, "what Mr. Simkins can ſee in that inſipid face of Patty Plunket's, to be ſo conſtantly tied to her very apron-ſtring? Though I ſuppoſe the truth of the matter is, ſhe is ſo vain of his attentions, and ſo glad to ſhew that ſhe has at length caught him in the bait, that ſhe is determined to drag him all over the town. But, God knows, ſhe is welcome to keep him, for what I care; for I think he is the rudeſt, unmannerlieſt, diſagreeableſt creature I ever ſaw in my life; and, in ſpite of his money and his handſome face, I declare,

I would

I would not marry him, if there was not another man in the world. However, I fancy he will have enough of marrying, if he ſhould tie himſelf to that conceited minx, for ſhe is as cunning as a fox, and as full of fury as a tiger."

"Ay, ay," replied my wife, in a tone of concurrence, "I do not doubt it, my dear; for her mother, when we were girls together, was one of the artfuleſt, deceitfuleſt, vaineſt creatures that ever eyes were ſet on: and though I never wiſhes to ſpeak ill of nobody, I could tell you ſuch a ſtory about her, as would make your very hair ſtand on end!"

At this part of the converſation Sally drew her chair quite cloſe to that of her mother, and giving a ſignificant nod towards me, as much as to ſay that I muſt not attend to what was going forwards, intreated that ſhe might hear the *gratifying* tale, which was repeated in a voice ſo low and indiſtinct, that I found it impoſſible to obtain the wiſhed for knowledge; though, from the expreſſive ſhrugs, the ſudden exclamations of "The vile huſſey!—The artful baggage!" and "The impudent creature!" I could eaſily diſcover that poor Mrs. Plunket had been no leſs an object of envy and deteſtation to my wife, than the fortunate and engaging Patty now was to my daughter.

This converſation, Mr. Editor, produced a train of thoughts upon the diſproportion of envy and detraction which prevails in country towns, to that which is found in great cities. A celebrated writer, upon the ſubject of Defamation, ſays, that the "empire of Scandal will always be found in the inverſe ratio to the ſize of the place. In the Capital, where pleaſures offer themſelves in greater abundance; where the mind is ſupplied with a greater variety of topics, and dwells on each particular ſubject with leſs paſſion and attachment, and where leſs expoſed to the attacks of the demons of Chagrin and Diſcontent, it is leſs prompt to entertain the demons of Envy and Malice."

In the unvaried ſtillneſs and ſtagnation which reign in ſmall and remote places, too frequently are concealed an acrimony and inveteracy of the paſſions, which are ſeldom nurtured in popu-

populous cities. None would ſuſpect that a ſecret and devouring flame lurked in the boſoms of Apathy and Compoſure; or that the dull inhabitants of petty provincial towns were eternally engaged in warfare and confuſion. Within the precincts of the metropolis few are capable of nouriſhing a ſpirit of rancour and malevolence, excepting againſt thoſe by whom they conceive they have been ſubſtantially injured, either in their character or fame; for enmities eaſily eſcape remembrance, when the objects ſeldom intrude upon the ſight, and are ſcarcely ever forced upon the attention. But in ſmall towns, the thorn which offends us is conſtantly in our ſight; it is preſented to our view upon all occaſions; and the ſenſe of the injury we have received is eternally rancouring upon the mind, until it creates an antipathy not to be ſubdued, and a hatred which defies conſtraint.

In remote towns, where every thing revolves in a narrow circle, and runs in an unvarying ſtream; where the ſame habitation is tenanted by father and ſon, to the third and fourth generations, we find that prejudice and animoſity are attached to their eſtates, and an eternal warfare is ſupported by the deſcendants, out of pious veneration to the memory of their predeceſſors.

Another cauſe may be aſſigned for the petty quarrels and inveterate hatreds which ſubſiſt between the inhabitants of towns that are at any remote diſtance from the metropolis, which, though it may not carry equal importance with thoſe already mentioned, yet certainly is the means of adding fuel to the flame. When we reflect upon the tedious rotation, the uniform dulneſs, which marks the lot of thoſe who have neither buſineſs nor pleaſure to call them into action; when we behold the mean ſubterfuges they court, to ſave themſelves from laſſitude and diſcontent; and ſee the avidity with which they reſort to the moſt caſual diverſion that can be offered, I cannot help imputing half the inveteracy which is found in thoſe ſocieties to a ſterility of mind, and a barrenneſs of ideas.

"The

"The petty honours and intereſts of an obſcure borough," ſays a modern judicious author, "excite as fierce rivalry and rancour, as the higheſt dignities and richeſt emoluments of a great ſtate; and there are inſtances, perhaps, where ambition, envy, and revenge, rage leſs violently in courts than in cottages."

The ſmalleſt town diſplays as much jealouſy of pre-eminence, as much envy of fortune, and as much impatience of authority, as the proudeſt cities: and though the paſſions may diſcloſe themſelves with leſs art or effect, they ſtill exert themſelves with equal violence.

A curious inſtance of the inveterate animoſity of an Helvetic lady's diſpoſition is recorded in a recent and much admired publication. After having expatiated, to the author above alluded to, upon the wickedneſs and depravity of the inhabitants of the place in which ſhe dwelt, and aſſured him that neither perſuaſion nor remonſtrance would be able to reform them, ſhe concluded her diſcourſe by ſaying, that——"It grieved her to the ſoul to think ſhe muſt appear at the Reſurrection in the company of ſuch wretches!"

Whether my wife and daughter, Mr. Editor, poſſeſs the ſame liberal ſentiments towards the objects of their antipathy and averſion, I cannot pretend to ſay; but you will do me a great favour (as I am not fond of entering into an argument with the diſadvantage of *two* to *one* againſt me), if you will take an opportunity of informing them of my averſion to Envy, and my diſlike to Scandal; which will eſſentially oblige, Sir, your humble ſervant,

An Inveſtigator of Cauſes and Effects.

THE FEMALE MENTOR.

ON BEAUTY.

SO beneficial have been the conſequences which have reſulted from Example, and ſo great the advantages which have been produced by its effect, that, to make uſe of argument

ment to ſupport the practice, would be derogatory to the title I have ventured to aſſume.

To reclaim the vicious, inform the weak, caution the unwary, and applaud the virtuous, are the principal objects which direct my undertaking; and as theſe are more likely to be obtained by appealing to the heart than by addreſſing the underſtanding, I ſhall confine my obſervations within circumſcribed bounds, and cloſe the ſubject with an authentic tale.

To declaim againſt an attraction which is univerſally admired, or to depreciate a power which has enſlaved the greateſt tyrants, would be as injudicious a method of enforcing my advice, as if I was cynically to condemn the ſlighteſt failings, or expect perfection in a human form.

Beauty is doubtleſs a deſirable poſſeſſion; and when blended with modeſty, and tempered by refinement, acts as a charm upon the ſenſes. We are endowed by Nature with a kind of ſympathetic feeling for whatever is gentle, lovely, and attractive; and a beautiful woman, labouring under affliction, is allowed to be the moſt intereſting object in creation.

If Beauty poſſeſſes ſuch an attractive charm, and is capable of producing ſuch ſoft ſenſations, how neceſſary is it that thoſe who enjoy the gift ſhould prove themſelves deſerving of the intereſt they inſpire. Yet how often do we find that this magnetic boon is beſtowed on thoſe unworthy of the poſſeſſion; and, inſtead of merit being joined to lovelineſs, we find it ſtripped of that attractive grace.

If Imperfection were neceſſarily the companion of Beauty or Virtue and Attraction were abſolutely incompatible,—Deformity would be preferable to the moſt tranſcendent charms, and a plain face be conſidered as a general paſſport to approbation. But as Merit is frequently attached to perſonal Attraction, and Error often the concomitant of Plainneſs, that mind muſt be illiberal, indeed, which could be weak enough to ſuppoſe, that, becauſe a girl was by nature lovely, ſhe muſt conſequently be unamiable.

The failings which are generally aſcribed to Beauty, are vanity, caprice, and ill-humour; and theſe are more frequently

quently engendered by the folly of parents, or the adulation of dependants, than by any natural defect either in the heart or the underſtanding. A young female who promiſes to be ſtrikingly attractive, is accuſtomed from its infancy to hear little elſe but panegyrics upon its charms, and taught to regard Beauty as the choiceſt gift beſtowed by Heaven.

Thus early initiated into the path of Folly, and taught to prefer perſonal to mental attractions, can we be aſtoniſhed if a girl diſplays a fondneſs for that which ſeems a mother's pride, or values herſelf upon a poſſeſſion which ſhe hears admired as greatly ſuperior both to worth and merit?

ELIZA FARRINGTON;

Or, Ill-fated Charms.

Eliza Farrington was the daughter of a gentleman who had amaſſed a large fortune by mercantile concerns, and who reſided in a ſplendid manſion at the Weſtern part of the metropolis, to enjoy the fruits of that labour which had been ſo ſucceſsfully exerted in the Eaſtern. As he had been elevated from the humiliating ſtation of inferior Clerk in a counting-houſe to the dignified office of its Supreme, his mind had progreſſively expanded with his fortune; and, from being the ſervile ſlave of thoſe above his ſphere, he gradually became a haughty tyrant.

Mrs. Farrington, who had ſprung from a ſtate no leſs lowly than her huſband's, emulated the dignity which he diſplayed, and it was difficult to determine which had the preeminence in pride, folly, and oſtentation. That the offspring of parents ſo weak and vain ſhould inherit ſome portion of thoſe qualities, was a circumſtance naturally to be expected; and as ſhe was never ſuffered to experience the ſlighteſt controul, every trifling failing acquired ſtrength by habit, until ſhe became the ſlave of her deſires.

Unfortunately for Eliza, ſhe was an only child; and the fondneſs of her parents was carried to ſuch an exceſs, that their happineſs conſiſted in complying with her caprices.——

Her

Her face was lovely, and her form perfect; but her mother, inſtead of repreſſing that vanity naturally incident to youth and beauty, uſed every method in her power to increaſe its growth, by continually extolling her perſonal attractions, and leaving her mind barren and uncultivated. A French teacher, it is true, was introduced into the family, but with poſitive directions not to controul her pupil; and as her mind was both ſervile and illiterate, ſhe did not attempt oppoſing the command, but united her endeavours with thoſe of her employer to fill Eliza's mind with folly and caprice.

As Mr. Farrington's fortune enabled him to live in a ſtyle of the utmoſt expence, his houſe was crowded with a variety of gueſts; and as he was continually boaſting of his immenſe riches, Eliza became doubly attractive. Her perſon, it is true, required no auxiliary, but the wealth of Peru could not have compenſated for the poverty of her mind; and ſo little pains would ſhe take to conceal thoſe defects, that none but the intereſted or licentious could wiſh to claim her for their own.

Mr. Farrington's views were completely ſoaring, and he would rather have beſtowed his daughter upon the moſt diſſipated man of faſhion, than have ſeen her united to the moſt amiable of his ſex who had no chance of poſſeſſing a title.—Theſe ſentiments he carefully circulated; and, more completely to attain the object of his deſires, avowed an intention of giving his daughter eighty thouſand pounds on the day ſhe reſigned the name of Farrington. A magnet at once ſo powerful and attractive could not fail of producing the deſired effect; and, elated at the proſpect of ſeeing his daughter a Counteſs, he beſtowed her on a man without one ſingle virtue.

Eliza's fondneſs for her own perſon had been the means of cloſing every other avenue of affection, and ſhe gave her hand to the diſſipated Lord B———— with the ſame degree of apathetic indifference that ſhe would have performed the moſt trifling ceremony.

Though

Though the having obtained a huſband was a matter of ſuch unconcern, the having gained a title was of infinite moment, and the ſound of *Your Ladyſhip* vibrated ſo ſweetly on her ear, that it was ſcarcely poſſible to have it often enough repeated. The weakneſs of her mind, the want of elegance in her manners, and the caprice and vanity which ſhe continually diſplayed, ſoon deſtroyed the little hold ſhe had obtained over her huſband's affection; and thoſe perſonal charms which he had once admired, he ſoon beheld with coldneſs and diſguſt.

To a woman poſſeſſed of the leaſt ſpark of ſenſibility, an alteration ſo unexpected muſt have been alarming; but, defended by a ſelf-applauding ſhield againſt every attack that could be made upon her peace, ſhe was alike indifferent either to his love or hate. Exaſperated at a conduct which evinced ſuch want of feeling, his behaviour ſoon became more than cold; and inſtead of treating her with politeneſs and civility, he was either ſullen, contemptuous, or moroſe.

Though indifference had not the power of rouſing Lady B———'s feelings, contempt put them abſolutely in a blaze; and that a being who had been accuſtomed to the moſt ſervile adulation (even from the authors of her exiſtence) ſhould be ſcorned by him from whom ſhe expected admiration, was a degree of humiliation which ſhe could not bear; and, inſtead of attempting to regain his love by the gentle arts of ſweetneſs and perſuaſion, ſhe ſtrengthened that diſguſt which her conduct had inſpired by conſtant upbraidings and inceſſant complaints.

As Lord B———'s principles were completely licentious, his friends and aſſociates were of the ſame deſcription; and, perceiving the diſlike each felt for the other, they thought themſelves privileged to profit by it, and by indirect proofs of ſympathy and tenderneſs hoped to obtain a place in Lady B———'s affection.

When once a woman is weak enough to ſelect a male confidant, in whom ſhe repoſes her domeſtic grief, ſhe is abſolutely laying a foundation for the deſtruction of her virtue; as

all men of gallantry will conſtrue ſuch conduct into a tacit proof of preference and regard.

Amongſt the choſen friends of Lord B——— was a gentleman of the name of Stanmore, whoſe elegant perſon and accompliſhed manners formed a ſtriking contraſt to the depravity of his mind, and rendered his principles as dangerous as his form was attractive.

Though a natural coldneſs of conſtitution, combined with an ample portion of ſelf-applauſe, had hitherto been a ſecurity againſt the ſnares of gallantry; yet the mortifications Lady B——— endured from the neglect of her huſband, united with the tender aſſiduities of his too-accompliſhed friend, ſoon taught her ſenſations to which ſhe had been a ſtranger, and gave a new turn to her deſires.

Lord B———, though totally indifferent to his wife, was tremblingly alive to his own intereſt; and as her partiality for Stanmore defied conſtraint, a leſs intereſted mind could not fail diſcovering it. Had his affection, as well as his honour, been concerned, he might not have been able to act with the ſame degree of caution; but not only anxious to convince himſelf of her diſgrace, but to obtain ſome advantage by the proofs, he concealed his indignation under an appearance of friendſhip, and doubled his attentions to his inſidious rival.

A pretended journey to a diſtant part of England gave the lovers an opportunity of gratifying their deſires; and large promiſes to Lady B———'s attendant deſtroyed the confidence ſhe had ſworn never to diſcloſe. At the moment when this frail, lovely being fancied herſelf ſecurely indulging her illicit paſſion, the object whom ſhe was injuring appeared before her, accompanied by *two confidential friends!*

Such indubitable proofs of infamy and ſhame excited in her huſband both hatred and diſguſt; but as poſitive conviction of his wife's incontinency was the only thing he wiſhed to obtain, he neither loaded her with cenſure nor reproach, but left the Lords and Commons to avenge his wrongs!——A divorce was ſoon and eaſily obtained; and that title which had

had poſſeſſed ſo many charms was deſtined to adorn ſome more virtuous fair.

The exceſs of Eliza's paſſion for the worthleſs Stanmore reconciled her at firſt to the loſs of fame; but when ſhe found that he refuſed to make her his wife when the barrier was removed which rendered that ſtep impracticable, ſhe ſuddenly awoke to the horrors of her fate, and curſed thoſe charms which had been acceſſary to her ruin.

Thus loſt to virtue, but alive to ſhame, ſhe gave way to the moſt dreadful paroxiſms of grief; and by turns lamented her fall from honour, and loaded him with reproach who had been the cauſe of her diſgrace, until a conſtitution, weakened by the violence of contending paſſions, at length yielded to their effect, and releaſed her from the ſtings of a reproaching conſcience, and the cenſures of a condemning world.

ON THE BASENESS OF MANKIND,

In attempting to enſnare the ingenuous affection of an artleſs girl, without intending to retain it by the indiſſoluble bonds of Marriage.

AMIDST the various evils to which defenceleſs Females are expoſed, and the numberleſs diſadvantages under which they labour, none appears more deſerving commiſeration than that which is to be the ſubject of the preſent obſervations.

Endowed by Nature with a ſuſceptibility of diſpoſition to which the other ſex are total ſtrangers, they imperceptibly fall into the ſilken ſnare; and whilſt the inſidious deſtroyer of their tranquility is ſecretly enjoying the ſucceſs of his ſchemes, they are unexpectedly precipitated into an abyſs of wretchedneſs!

Vanity has been acknowledged the leading foible in the Female character; yet to what cauſe are we to attribute that obſequious civility, that ſtudied attention to the wants and wiſhes of an amiable, unſuſpicious girl, which are ſo frequently to be obſerved in thoſe unprincipled danglers, but to the

influence of that prevailing paſſion? Proud of the preference that ſhe at length beſtows, and vain of the partiality which ſhe ſoon diſplays, they baſely ſacrifice every ſentiment of probity, and forget that, whilſt they are flattering the caprices of ſelf-conceit, they are undermining the felicity of artleſſneſs and innocence.

Solicitude and aſſiduity are the groundwork of affection; and is it to be ſuppoſed that the ingenuous mind of an unſuſpicious, amiable girl, can reſiſt the artillery of ſuch powerful aſſailants? Or can ſhe poſſibly conceive that the being who is continually watching opportunities to anticipate her deſires can have no other motive for his conduct than to add a blaſted laurel to his wreath of fame?

The man who openly ſeduces the virtue of an unſuſpecting innocent; is juſtly liable to the cenſure of the world; but the inſidious villain who artfully ſeduces the affections, and veils his conduct under the ſpecious pretence of never having made direct propoſals, baſely lurks beneath a coward's ſubterfuge; and, like the dark and murderous aſſaſſin, ſtrikes ſure, becauſe the blow is unperceived.

Louiſa Lutterel was the only daughter of a gentleman of a good family and affluent fortune, but who, from an eccentricity of character, and ſingularity of thinking, reſolved to leave this child of his affection only the moderate ſum of five thouſand pounds. It is not to be ſuppoſed that Mr. Lutterel made the determination from a want of that ſolicitude which every parent ought to feel for the future welfare and happineſs of an amiable daughter, for, in fact, it proceeded from his experiencing an uncommon ſhare; and it was the apprehenſion which he endured, that her fortune, rather than her perſon, ſhould become the object of attraction, which induced him to adopt this ſingular mode of conduct.

To obviate the evils which might ariſe from this determination, and to prevent his child from experiencing any diminution in thoſe elegancies to which ſhe had been accuſtomed, he left his town reſidence, with a ſuitable annual ſum for the

ſupport

ſupport of it, to a maiden ſiſter until the period of Louiſa's marriage, when it was to devolve to his elder ſon.

"By leaving my Louiſa," he would ſay, "the trifling fortune of five thouſand pounds, I preclude the poſſibility of her ever becoming the victim of artifice or deſign; for no man will think that ſum ſufficiently attractive to engage his attention; and I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of quitting the world with an aſſurance, that for her merits alone ſhe will be admired."

The relation under whoſe care the amiable Louiſa had been placed, immediately after the death of her indulgent parent, was, according to the general acceptation of the word, a very worthy, good ſort of woman, but ſo wholly unfit for the truſt which was repoſed in her, that it was impoſſible for her Charge to pay any deference to her judgment; and, inſtead of being capable of directing her conduct, her ignorance of the world often put Louiſa to the bluſh. Her brothers, on whom ſhe might have depended for advice, were ſeveral years younger than herſelf; and, from this unfortunate coincidence of circumſtances, ſhe was left wholly to the guidance of her own inclination, at a period which requires both counſel and conſtraint.

As the family lived in the ſame ſtyle of elegance after the death of Mr. Lutterel as before it occurred, it was at firſt imagined that Louiſa's fortune was adequate to her eſtabliſhment, and in conſequence of the circulation of this report her admirers were both numerous and importunate. The real fact at length became public; and though Louiſa's aſſemblies were ſtill crowded with young men of faſhion, yet they rather addreſſed her with the fulſome adulation of unmeaning compliment, than the genuine dictates of ſincerity and attachment.

Her face was lovely, her form elegant, and her manners as artleſs and unaffected as if ſhe had been educated at the remoteſt diſtance from the metropolis. In addition to theſe alluring attractions of Nature, ſhe poſſeſſed thoſe which had been acquired by art: ſhe played with judgment, danced with

grace, and ſung with a taſte both delicate and refined: her voice, it is true, was not capable of an extenſive compaſs, but it was modulated with ſuch expreſſive ſweetneſs, that the tones ſeemed abſolutely to vibrate on the heart; and the timid apprehenſion which ſat upon her countenance during a performance, even in the moſt ſelect circles, rendered her at once both intereſting and engaging.

With ſuch pretenſions to love and admiration, is it not aſtoniſhing that Louiſa ſhould have attained her nineteenth year without having received a direct propoſal of marriage?—The men all allowed that ſhe was a perfect angel, and were ardent in their profeſſions of admiration and eſteem; but thoſe who conſidered fortune an object in a wife, declared it impoſſible to think of ſuch a connection; whilſt thoſe who were not guided by ſuch intereſted ideas were withheld from making propoſals, by the elegance of her mode of living; conceiving, that a girl who had been always accuſtomed to the luxuries of life would not be able to reſign them for domeſtic comforts.

At length, a man appeared who ſeemed calculated to inſure her felicity, and whoſe affluent fortune enabled him to deſpiſe all ſelfiſh conſiderations. He ſaw Louiſa, admired, and loved her; and he inſtantly made the moſt diſintereſted propoſals. Dorincourt (by which name I ſhall call this amiable man) was one of thoſe ingenuous, open characters, who, feeling the force of conſcious rectitude, think it not neceſſary to attend to all thoſe ſtudied graces, and trifling elegancies, which ſo frequently impoſe the ſemblance for the reality of Virtue; and who, knowing the probity of his own intentions, ſought not to attract by ſervility and adulation.

Louiſa received his attentions with eaſe and civility, and felt an eſteem for his character bordering upon affection; but the moment he profeſſed himſelf for her admirer, and expreſſed his hopes that her heart was diſengaged, ſhe imperceptibly imbibed a diſlike for his ſociety, and carefully avoided his future civilities. It was in vain that her aunt pointed out the advantages which would reſult from a union with a man ſo affluent

ent as Dorincourt, or painted the force and diſintereſtedneſs of his attachments; her heart rebelled againſt her judgment, and ſhe refuſed to liſten to perſuaſion or advice.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A LETTER FROM A SEDUCED FEMALE,

TO EDWARD BERNARD, ESQ.

THE wretched being who writes this will, ere you receive it, be no more! Then, perhaps, you will repent of your cruelty to her who would willingly have died to promote your happineſs. Yes, Edward, for you I left my doting parents——I ſet at nought the world's opinion to poſſeſs your love! Think, then, what agony I muſt feel when I peruſed your letter! Was it humane to inſult the wretched? No, Edward! Though I once yielded to love, and loſt a father's good opinion, never will I ſacrifice my own, by becoming what you wiſh. I have ſtill ſufficient virtue to ſhudder at proſtitution!

Yeſterday, for the firſt time ſince I left his protection, I met my father. He was alone, walking in the Park. I threw myſelf at his feet, and beſought his forgiveneſs. His looks cut me to the heart!

——"Let me paſs!" ſaid he, while his voice ſhook with paſſion.

"Firſt ſay—you forgive the repentant Roſa!"——and I claſped his knees.

"Never!" ſaid he—"Abandoned girl!"—and ruſhed paſt me.

For ſome time I lay ſenſeleſs. When I recovered, the recollection of his former kindneſs rendered me nearly frantic. —How often has he preſſed me in his arms, and vowed that he could deny his darling Roſa nothing! Oh! how could I remember this, and leave him? Surely my heart then muſt have been as hard as your's!

Had

Had I obtained my father's forgiveneſs, I would have ſtrove to live, in ſpite of the world's cenſure. But without a friend to encourage my return to virtue——without an acquaintance——for what mother will ſuffer her daughter to aſſociate with me———can life be worth preſerving?

Edward,—farewell!———My firſt and only love—may you live, and repent! Oh! think, when on the bed of death every bad action appears with redoubled horror. How will your conſcience be ſmitten for the unfortunate Roſa!—who, through you, received a father's curſe!—and, through your deſertion, put an end to her exiſtence!

Once more farewell! That Heaven may ſhower down its bleſſings upon you, is the laſt prayer of

ROSA SOMERTON.

MAN AND WOMAN.

A DIALOGUE.

Man. PROMETHEUS has formed me complete, and yet I feel a void within my breaſt, that requires ſomething to fill it up—Oh, you are that ſomething!

Woman. I muſt adviſe you that I have not yet determined in what manner I ſhall diſpoſe of myſelf.

Man. You anſwer coldly to a tender ſentiment. Pardon me—Surprize and emotion———.

Woman. Oh, no doubt! But, either Prometheus is an impoſtor, or you ſhould regard me with more ardent looks.

Man. What did Prometheus tell you?

Woman. He told me, poſitively, that he had given me beauty for my excluſive portion.

Man. Very true.

Woman. That it would enable me to gain the heart of man.

Man. This alſo is true: you have gained mine.

Woman.

Woman. That this beauty would triumph by its own force; that, in fine, being a woman, I had received from him the power of commanding every thing I pleaſed.

Man. Ah!—I underſtand.——It is a miſtreſs that Prometheus has had the complaiſance to create for me. Very well! I wiſh to be independent: yet I am ready to do every thing for you. The delicacy of your organization intereſts me even more than your charms. However——

Woman. Is this a man?

Man. Is this a woman?

Woman. I thought he was to adore me?

Man. I thought that ſhe would conſtitute the happineſs of my life.

Woman. Adieu!

Man. Do you fly me?

Woman. Oh! I formed of you ſuch a pleaſing image!

Man. Not more pleaſing than that which I formed of you.

Woman. If I leave you once, you ſhall never ſee me more.

Man. You ought to be my companion, as I ought to be your ſupport. Alas! if ſeparated, what will be our lot?

Woman. I am under no anxiety for my perſon. Prometheus can create other men.

Man. Yes; and other women.

Woman. I ſhall prevent him; or I will adviſe him to make them ugly—ſo ugly!—

Man. I could accommodate myſelf, be aſſured, a thouſand times better to one that was ugly, but agreeable, than to a tyrannical beauty.

Woman. You allow, then, that I am handſome.

Man. Yes. But, to ſet a juſt value upon it, you muſt alſo allow, that there is not ſuch a prodigious difference between us, and that I am formed paſſing well. A truce, then, with vanity: you are no more a Goddeſs, than I a God!—We are but two mortals. Let us, then, fulfil the wiſh of Prometheus: he has intended we ſhould live together; that

ſelfiſh-

ſelfiſhneſs ſhould not divide us, while reciprocal wants require that we ſhould be united.

Woman. There is ſomething juſt in your mode of reaſoning; but this word *wants* checks me. It is not *want* that has brought me to you: it is——.

Man. Whatever you pleaſe. Let us not diſpute about words.

Woman. I am already full of ſpleen. I wiſh there were other men, that I might ſee what impreſſion I ſhould make upon them. Each of them would eagerly preſs around me; they would be all deſirous to pleaſe me; and to effect this, their imaginations would be conſtantly employed in deviſing ſuitable words and actions. You would then be afraid to loſe me: you would imitate—you would even ſurpaſs them; and the ſatisfaction which I ſhould thence derive would render me ſtill more amiable.

Man. I, too, wiſh that there were other women. If their extravagance reſembled your's, they might excite in me a ſmile, but no other ſenſation. I have heard enough. I muſt leave you.

Woman. Whither are you going?

Man. How does that concern you?

Woman. I ſhall follow you.

Man. There is no occaſion.

Woman. Do you, then, reject me? Gods!

Man. She weeps!—I did not perceive all her charms!—Ah!—I ſwear I did not mean to give you pain.

Woman. Give me your arm.

Man. What an aſcendancy!

Woman. Let us make friends.

Man. On my knees I pray your ——.

Woman. What a charming being is man!

Man. Say, rather, what a weak one! I no longer know myſelf: I feel a ſtrange, a raviſhing delight!—and I yield my whole ſoul to it. Enjoy your victory—but do not abuſe it.

Woman.

Woman. Will you wiſh, from this hour, for other women?

Man. Will you wiſh that there were other men?

CHANGES IN FRENCH FASHIONS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. POUCE. 1789.

FASHION is to cuſtom what prejudices are to moral virtues; it dictates laws, imperiouſly, to thoſe who live under its influence, and its arrêts or decrees are irrevocable.

The women, that charming ſex, born for the happineſs of half the other, and the torment of the reſt; women, not ſatisfied with the little that the laws have done for them in the diſtribution of direct power, have ſought at all times to acquire by addreſs what they could not reaſonably hope to obtain by open force.

The auxiliaries they have always hired, to conquer, have been thoſe of the toilet; but in allowing themſelves to be directed too implicitly by cuſtom, and by adopting, without choice or reflection, the new faſhions, they do not draw from this ſource, they value ſo much, thoſe advantages which they expected. Thoſe whom their birth or a lucky chance have placed in affluent circumſtances, generally give the ton to the reſt: they adopt the firſt faſhions, and introduce them very often from a quarter not attainable by perſons in middling circumſtances.

It may be obſerved (by the by), that women of faſhion, who have the merit of firſt introducing them, have generally a natural good taſte, and only adopt novelties which may ſet off their charms, embelliſh Nature, or repair her deficiencies. This is the end that women ought to have in view; yet it is one, we muſt confeſs, which very few attain. The grand error in reſpect to dreſs, againſt which they ought moſt to be on their guard, is generalizing too much, and imagining, that becauſe ſuch an adjuſtment becomes one woman well, it muſt be equally favourable to others.

To

To do away this ridiculous prejudice, it will be ſufficient to obſerve, that the ornaments of dreſs ought to be varied in their manner, and ſuited to the perſons of thoſe who adopt them.

And, as on this ſubject we can only lay down general principles, I ſhall, after an attentive conſideration of the faſhions which are paſſed, hazard ſome light obſervations upon thoſe now in uſe.

It is with diſguſt that the imagination dwells on thoſe remote times, where we find Nature violated in almoſt every inſtance, dgraded by uncouth figures, and preſenting to the eye the moſt hideous forms. In the firſt years of the monarchy, the dreſs of the men varied more than the women's.—The coat was firſt too ſhort, and then too long: in general long garments look beſt, are more noble, and give a more pictureſque appearance. It is to be regretted that this cuſtom is attended with ſo many difficulties, that it is an incumbrance in bodily exerciſe and the labours that our wants demand and luxury preſcribes.

In the time of Philip the Fair, when dreſs began to emerge from barbariſm, the long coat was in general uſe among men of rank: in the army, however, and in the country, they always wore the coat ſhort. In the 14th century the ſame dreſs became common to men and women. During the reigns of Charles the 5th and 6th the ſhort coat alone was the faſhion; but Charles the 7th, whoſe legs were badly made, brought the long coat again into vogue.

Nothing more pleaſant, and at the ſame time more ridiculous, than the dreſs of people of taſte during the firſt years of the reign of Louis XI. Figure to yourſelf a petit-maître, with flat buſhy hair, dreſſed in a doublet in the ſhape of an under-waiſtcoat, which ſcarcely covered his loins; his breeches very tight, and made to button very high; the waiſt tied with ribbons had a very fantaſtical appearance, and which is ſtill to be ſeen in ſome old pictures. Add to theſe a wadding to each of the ſhoulders, downwards, to give a robuſt air and fulneſs to the cheſt. To complete this ſtrange caricature,

ture, a pair of ſhoes two ſpans long for people of the firſt quality. The people in general wore them only ſix inches long: theſe were what they called ſhoes *à-la-porcelaine*. This covering of the leg and foot was invented by Geoffery Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to hide a large excreſcence which he had on one of his feet. As this prince (the handſomeſt and moſt elegant courtier) at that time gave the ton to the court, every one would have ſhoes like his, which gave riſe to the proverb—*To be on a good footing*.

Under Francis I., his ſucceſſor, the dreſs of the men began to improve; but in the reign of our good king Henry IV. it was preferable to that we have adopted ſince, and which now exiſts. The moſt uſeful faſhion, the utility of which will ſurvive all the others, although in France it has met with many opponents, is the wig. It was a long time forbidden the clergy to wear them to church. In 1685 they forbade a canon of the cathedral of Beauvais to celebrate maſs, becauſe he wore a wig. He depoſited it in the hands of two notaries, at the chancel door, and proteſted againſt the violence done to him. In 1689 many oratorians were diſmiſſed their orders for wearing wigs. Soon after they wore very large ones: at preſent the faſhion in this reſpect is quite altered; even the phyſicians, who in former times looked upon an enormous wig as the baſis of their reputation, ſeem to deſpiſe this ornament. Many have adopted the bag; and perhaps we ſhall, ere long, ſee them make their morning viſits with their hair clubbed. When bags firſt began to be attached to the hair, they only wore them when they went in *negligée*;* but in viſits of ceremony, you could not appear without your hair tied with a ribbon, and flowing on the ſhoulders. It was then quite the contrary to our preſent uſage.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

* Or Morning Dreſs.

SHORT REMARKS ON MISREPRESENTATION OF THE HUMAN CHARACTER.

MR. EDITOR,

WHILE writers of a certain deſcription are continually inſiſting on the depravity of mankind, both in heart and in practice, and at a moment in which one of this claſs, with conſummate audacity, has deſired us not to believe the facts which militate againſt this doctrine, it is not fair that a hoſt of *inventors* ſhould preſent themſelves, and with falſe and ſcandalous libels on ſociety and manners miſrepreſent the human character.

Fictitious ſtory-tellers, Sir, delight in miſchief. Evil is with them as neceſſary to the production of what is ſtriking or *frappant*, as dark colours and ſhadows are to the ſame end in a picture; and we all know that daubing artiſts make greater uſe of black and glaring contraſts than do painters of genius.—Little writers ſeem to rack their brains for combinations of what is vicious and diſguſting; and when a group, full of diſtortions and abſurdities which proclaim how unnatural it is, is finiſhed, it is thrown upon the world as a novel.—Then ladies, whoſe good ſenſe ought to teach them better, ſend a ſervant to the circulating library, and receive, without diſcrimination, whatever is returned. A plan of reading this which has (how could it otherwiſe?) rendered novel writing contemptible, and made it abſurd to write really valuable books of this kind (a kind of writing, meanwhile, which, but for this vile management, ought to be in the higheſt eſtimation); for why ſhould any one aſpire to excellence, while the beſt and the worſt have an equal certainty of being toſſed and diſregarded upon a ſopha for a day, and then caſt into oblivion—for who would read a novel of a month old? Who, indeed, would read novels at all, if it were not the faſhion?—and every thing faſhionable muſt be new. Who would read a novel,

novel, if it was not to get the ſtart of an acquaintance, or at leaſt not to be behindhand?

Yet, Sir, after all, what are theſe novels—I mean nine in ten? For my part, whenever I have the misfortune to read one, the impreſſion with which I leave it (for every book leaves ſome temporary impreſſion) is diſguſt at the world—at the ſickly farce of life. Every great and juſt object ſeems dimmed. I declare to you, that if I read many, one after another, as ſome pretty ladies do, I think that, in the words of the Poet—

"I weary'd ſhould lie down in death;——
"This cheat of life would pleaſe no more!"

If, however, I ſhould complain of this to the writers of theſe ſort of novels, I ſhould be told, moſt probably, that they are drawn from life. Here it is that theſe good people and myſelf are at iſſue. I ſay that their books are full of abominable falſehoods! And this is the ſubject upon which, alone, I intended to write.

By way of an example, I ſhall mention an incident or two from a novel which (unfortunately for my peace of mind!) I have juſt read. One young gentleman kills two others in the ſpace of half an hour, at moſt, and is committed to Newgate—(the place, by the way, where almoſt all the heroes of novels ought to be ſent). Now, I humbly intreat your correſpondents, one and all, if ſuch an incident (which, however, is but a trivial and every-day-circumſtance with novelliſts—for all their gentry ſeem to carry ſwords and piſtols in their pockets),—if ſuch an incident has been known to happen in London, within the laſt hundred years, to be ſo good as, for the ſake of confuting my infidelity (and, moreover, for the aſſiſtance of novel-inventors), to relate the ſame in the Lady's Muſeum.

I need not, indeed, ſpeak of any indeterminate time;—for *Portland Place* is ſaid to have been the ſcene of one of theſe rencounters. I therefore boldly challenge any indivi-

dual whatever to ſhew that any ſuch incident has happened ſince the building of Portland Place. If no ſuch thing has occurred, then the author of that novel has ſcandalouſly libelled the manners and police of this good city of London.

Naturally wiſhing, Sir, to intereſt your readers with what I ſay, I really fear that the killing two men after a maſquerade will be regarded by ſuch of them as are thorough-bred novel readers as a circumſtance too trifling for notice. Stir enough, indeed, would be made at Bow-ſtreet, and even the Sovereign in council might iſſue a proclamation upon ſuch an event; but at a circulating library theſe little accidents occur every hour. According to novelliſts we abſolutely live in a "land of Hectors;" and were I to employ myſelf in peruſing their ſtories, I think that I ſhould ſoon tremble at going abroad, for fear of the "lion in the ſtreets."

I have one caveat to enter with reſpect to the example of murder, which I wiſh to be received: it muſt not have happened at Wapping, or in St. Giles's: the vulgar are out of the queſtion when we ſpeak of theſe gentleman-like actions. The author tells us—"Indeed, the offences he is now in priſon for, proclaim him to be no plebeian?" *

On this ſubject, that is, of miſrepreſentation, I have a crow to pick with your correſpondent J. M.† Your correſpondent ſays, ſhe "forbears to put her full name, as ſhe does not wiſh to diſcloſe her family;" though, in fact, ſhe *has* diſcloſed her family: and I will diſcloſe it again, for the ſake of ſhewing that I am in the ſecret. It conſiſts, Sir, of herſelf, her huſband, and four daughters; but ſhe has not diſcloſed the *name* of her family. Now, Sir, this ſentence of J. M. would expreſsly inſinuate that her ſtory is true. I could very much wiſh, therefore, that the impertinence of my unbelief might be ſilenced by a poſitive aſſurance that, in any ſingle inſtance, a young lady has exhibited, or intended

* Sigiſmar, p. 129, vol. II.

† Lady's Muſeum, vol. III. p. 433.

to

to have exhibited, herſelf at Newmarket, like a jockey; or convened beggars and thieves in her ſtudy (I mean beggars and thieves in appearance, for we are all liable to deception); or diſſected two human bodies, and placed their ſkeletons in her dreſſing-room; or ſent a *challenge* to a gentleman, offering him choice of weapons [on this laſt article ſome equivocation may occur among the witty; but I wiſh for an aſſurance, that a young lady, *bona fide*, challenged a gentleman to fight with ſword, or piſtol; or fiſty-cuffs, according to the uſual acceptation of all theſe words]. And further, I wiſh to be poſitively told, that there is, or was, in Great Britain, or elſewhere, a ſingle family wherein the parents have ſuffered ſuch events to take place. If, as I greatly ſuſpect (and your correſpondent muſt pardon me), none of theſe things are true, then I am juſtified in aſſerting, ſhe has miſrepreſented the human character.

I think I may ſafely aſſume, that that letter is an invention. If it had contained nothing but the ſimplicity of truth, I do not ſee what buſineſs we had with the birth, parentage, and education of J. M. I take this letter to be a fiction, for the purpoſe of oppoſing the doctrines which Mrs. Wolſtonecraft and others have promulgated. I conſider it as intended to ſhew the practical conſequences of thoſe doctrines. Now, a falſe example is as bad as a falſe argument.

I would not be underſtood to be a friend to the doctrine of the equality of the ſexes, in the abſurd latitude to which it has been carried; but I conceive that the preſent practice is as bad as the moſt extravagant theory. Of Mrs. Wolſtonecraft's, or Godwin's, book, I believe that, though ſome wrong things are ſaid in it (nothing, however, half ſo bad as its adverſaries have repreſented), there is no compoſition whatever, from a peruſal of which women can derive equal advantage. When I ſay *wrong things*, I mean, merely equalizing the ſexes too much for the practical happineſs of each; and becauſe the acting up to theſe doctrines only requires unuſual exertion, and is likely to be ſufficiently oppoſed by indolence, I think no woman is in danger of imbibing;

ing more of them than will do her infinite ſervice. I ſpeak, here of Mrs. W.'s book only. Your correſpondent ſays her daughters were corrupted with the aſſiſtance of other works; ſome of which, I believe, for I have not read them, are very abſurd. I remember to have thought, at the time of reading the *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, that the title was a miſnomer; for it ſeemed to me a ſevere and (in moſt inſtances) deſerved philippic on the *conduct of women*; that is, on the conduct of women in general: and I thought that the world was under much obligation to a female writer for ſuch a book; becauſe it contains ſome topics on which a male author could hardly have touched.

E. A. K.

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES,

FROM THE 13TH TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

NO. VIII.

MARY, QUEEN OF ENGLAND,

WAS eldeſt daughter of Henry VIII. by his firſt wife Catherine of Arragon, and was born at Greenwich, in Kent, Feb. 18, 1517. Her mother was very careful of her education, and provided her with tutors to teach her what was fitting. Her firſt preceptor was the famous Linacer, who drew up for her uſe "The rudiments of grammar," and afterwards, "De emendata ſtructura Latini ſermonis libri ſex." Linacer dying when ſhe was but ſix years old, Ludovicus Vives, a very learned man of Valenza in Spain, was her next tutor; and he compoſed for her, "De ratione ſtudii puerilis." Under the direction of theſe excellent men, ſhe became ſo great a miſtreſs of Latin, that Eraſmus commends her for her epiſtles in that language.

Towards

Towards the end of her father's reign, at the earneſt ſolicitation of queen Catharine Parr, ſhe undertook to tranſlate Eraſmus's "Paraphraſe on the goſpel of St. John;" but being caſt into ſickneſs, as Udall relates, partly by overmuch ſtudy in this work, after ſhe had made ſome progreſs therein, ſhe left the reſt to be done by Dr. Mallet, her chaplain. This tranſlation is printed in the firſt volume of "Eraſmus's Paraphraſe upon the New Teſtament, London, 1548," folio; and before it is a Preface, written by Udall, the famous maſter of Eton ſchool, and addreſſed to the queen dowager. This Preface contains many reflections, which may very much edify the females of this age; and for their ſakes therefore we will tranſcribe a part of it. Mr. Udall takes occaſion in it to obſerve to her majeſty, "the great number of noblewomen at that time in England, not only given to the ſtudy of human ſciences and ſtrange tongues, but alſo ſo thoroughly expert in the holy Scriptures, that they were able to compare with the beſt writers, as well in enditing and penning of godly and fruitful treatiſes, to the inſtruction and edifying of realms in the knowledge of God, as alſo in tranſlating good books out of Latin or Greek into Engliſh, for the uſe and commodity of ſuch as are rude and ignorant of the ſaid tongues. It was now," he ſaid, "no news in England, to ſee young damſels in noble houſes, and in the courts of princes, inſtead of cards, and other inſtruments of idle trifling, to have continually in their hands either Pſalms, Homilies, and other devout meditations, or elſe Paul's epiſtles, or ſome book of holy Scripture matters, and as familiarly both to read or reaſon thereof in Greek, Latin, French, or Italian, as in Engliſh. It was now a common thing to ſee young virgins ſo trained in the ſtudy of good letters, that they willingly ſet all other vain paſtimes at nought for learning's ſake. It was now no news at all, to ſee queens and ladies of moſt high eſtate and progeny, inſtead of courtly dalliance, to embrace virtuous exerciſes of reading and writing, and with moſt earneſt ſtudy, both early and late, to apply themſelves to the acquiring of knowledge, as well in all other

other liberal arts and diſciplines, as alſo moſt eſpecially of God and his holy word. And in this behalf," ſays he, "like as to your highneſs, as well for compoſing and ſetting forth many godly Pſalms, and divers other contemplative meditations, as alſo for cauſing theſe paraphraſes to be tranſlated into our vulgar tongue, England can never be able to render thanks ſufficient; ſo may it never be able, as her deſerts require, enough to praiſe and magnify the moſt noble, the moſt virtuous, the moſt witty, and the moſt ſtudious lady Mary's grace, for taking ſuch pain and travail in tranſlating this Paraphraſe of Eraſmus upon the goſpel of St. John.—What could be a more plain declaration of her moſt conſtant purpoſe to promote God's word, and the free grace of his goſpel?" &c. Mr. Udall, however, was miſtaken; ſhe never meant any ſuch thing; for, ſoon after her acceſſion to the throne, a proclamation was iſſued for calling in and ſuppreſſing this very book, and all others that had the leaſt tendency towards furthering the Reformation. And an ingenious writer is of opinion, that the ſickneſs which came upon her while ſhe was tranſlating St. John, was all affected; "for," ſays he, "ſhe would not ſo eaſily have been caſt into ſickneſs had ſhe been employed on the Legends of St. Tereſa, or St. Catharine of Sienna."

King Edward her brother dying the 6th of July, 1553, ſhe was proclaimed queen the ſame month, and crowned in October, by Stephen Gardiner, biſhop of Wincheſter. In July, 1554, ſhe was married to Philip prince of Spain, eldeſt ſon of the emperor Charles the Fifth; and now began that perſecution againſt the Proteſtants, for which her reign is ſo juſtly infamous. Some have ſuppoſed, that the queen was herſelf of a compaſſionate and humane diſpoſition; and that moſt of thoſe barbarities were tranſacted by her biſhops, without her knowledge or privity. Without her knowledge or privity they could not be: it would be a better defence of her to ſay, that a ſtrict adherence to a falſe religion, and a conſcientious obſervance of its pernicious and cruel dictates, over-ruled and got the better of that goodneſs of temper which

which was natural to her. But neither can this plea be reaſonably admitted by any one who conſiders her unkind and inhuman treatment of her ſiſter, the lady Elizabeth; her admitting a council for the taking up and burning of her father's body; her moſt ungrateful and perfidious breach of promiſe with the Suffolk men; her ungenerous and barbarous treatment of judge Hales, who had ſtrenuouſly defended her right of ſucceſſion to the crown; and of archbiſhop Cranmer, who in reality had ſaved her life. Her obligations to Cranmer deſerve to be more particularly ſet forth. Burnet ſays "that her firm adherence to her mother's cauſe and intereſt, and her backwardneſs in ſubmitting to the king her father, were thought crimes of ſuch a nature by his majeſty, that he came to a reſolution to put her openly to death; and that, when all others were unwilling to run any riſk in ſaving her, Cranmer alone ventured upon it. In his gentle way he told the king,—That ſhe was young and indiſcreet, and therefore it was no wonder if ſhe obſtinately adhered to that which her mother and all about her had been infuſing into her for many years; but that it would appear ſtrange, if he ſhould for this cauſe ſo far forget the father, as to proceed to extremities with his own child; that, if ſhe were ſeparated from her mother and her people, in a little time there might be ground gained on her; but that to take away her life, would raiſe horror through all Europe againſt him;" by which means he preſerved her. Queen Catharine, hearing of the king's bloody intention, wrote a long letter to her daughter, in which ſhe encouraged her to ſuffer cheerfully, to truſt to God, and keep her heart clean. She charged her in all things to obey the king's commands, except in the matters of religion. She ſent her two Latin books; the one "De vita Chriſti, with the Declaration of the Goſpels;" the other, "St. Jerome's Epiſtles to Paula and Euſtochium." This letter of Catharine may be ſeen in the "Appendix to Burnet's ſecond volume of the Hiſtory of the Reformation." A froward ſort of virtue, and a melancholy piety, are in truth the beſt qualities that can be attributed to this queen.

queen. Theſe were greatly increaſed by ſeveral unpleaſing accidents, ſuch has her diſappointment in child-bearing, and the abſence and unkindneſs of Philip conſequent upon that misfortune; and, as they had no good effect on the ſubject, ſo neither had they on the queen herſelf; for they are ſuppoſed, by deeply affecting her ſpirits, to have brought on that fever of which ſhe died, Nov. 7, 1558, after a reign of five years, four months, and eleven days.

There are ſome of her writings ſtill extant. Strype has preſerved three prayers or meditations of her compoſition: the firſt, "Againſt the aſſaults of vice;" the ſecond, "A meditation touching adverſity;" the third, "A prayer to be read at the hour of death." In Fox's "Acts and Monuments" are printed eight of her letters to king Edward and the lords of the council, on her nonconformity, and on the impriſonment of her chaplain, Dr. Mallet. In the "Sylloge epiſtolarum," are ſeveral more of her letters, extremely curious: one on the ſubject of her delicacy in never having written but to three men; one of affection for her ſiſter; one after the death of Anne Boleyn; and one very remarkable of Cromwell to her. In "Haynes's State papers," are two in Spaniſh, to the emperor Charles the Fifth. There is alſo a French letter, printed by Strype from the "Cotton library," in anſwer to a haughty mandate from Philip, when he had a mind to marry the lady Elizabeth to the duke of Savoy, againſt the queen and princeſs's inclination: it is written in a moſt abject manner, and a wretched ſtyle. Biſhop Tanner aſcribes to her "A hiſtory of her own life and death," and "An account of martyrs in her reign;" but this is manifeſtly an error.

ON FEMALE CELIBACY.

[*Concluded from page* 28.]

IF I choſe to analyſe the reſpective vices of married and unmarried women (ſpeaking generally on both ſides), I might aſk, whether the vulgar triumph which the former exhibit

exhibit ſo frequently, becauſe they *are* married, is leſs diſguſting than an unſucceſsful, and perhaps awkward, effort to gain a huſband? &c. &c. &c.

I have already mentioned the opinion which ſome *ſeem* to hold,—that celibacy in females is premeditated. Two other ideas which have, I believe, their adherents, I will here briefly notice: the firſt (which I ſhall haſtily diſmiſs, becauſe it bears upon it the infallible marks of vulgarity and ignorance) is, that thoſe women who have been left unmarried are leſs worthy, in perſon or in mind, than their choſen fellows; the ſecond admits the equality of merit, but aſſerts the ill ſucceſs to have been owing to ſome miſconduct, ſome error, which the reſt are, neceſſarily, ſuppoſed to have avoided.

Thus we have pretty ſtories, how one dreſſed too much, and another too little; one was too learned, another too ignorant; one too witty, another too dull; Harriet was too forward, Ellen too ſhy; Phœbe too gay, and Priſcilla too ſerious. But every day, Sir, in defiance of methodical theory, ſhews us, that the belle and the ſlattern, the learned and the ignorant, the witty and the dull, the forward and the ſhy, the gay and the ſerious, have equal probabilities in their favour; and that all is left to "time and chance."

There is one miſtake, however, of which women of every diſpoſition, and of every degree of eſtimable quality, are frequently ſaid to have been guilty: this is, of neglecting an opportunity which has never returned; of refuſing an offer, as it is called, which has never been repeated. The exiſtence of many of theſe opportunities and offers is known only on the authority of the ladies themſelves; and, without imputing to them any thing more than common human frailty, I think we may fairly conclude, that a large proportion of theſe favourable overtures never aſſumed palpable and practicable forms.—The world is to blame, if, in ſome caſes, weak mortals are even tempted to fabricate falſehoods, for the ſake of bearing themſelves up a little among the proud and boaſting. But it is the peculiar character of the matters in queſtion, that, where formal declarations have not been made, they ſeldom

wear

wear ſo defaced a form as not to admit of being diſtorted any way, compreſſed or expanded, according to the intention or the wiſhes of the relator. And it is farther to be remembered, that there is in human nature a ſtrong deſire to be thought favoured in thoſe diſtributions over which we have no controul, even though we ſhould thereby ſhew ourſelves to be deficient in what is actually within our power. Thus, we had rather be called knaves than fools. We are indifferent to the imputed ignorance of many things which we ſhould be angry to be repreſented as incapable of learning: thus Hilario, who was always poor, had rather have you believe that he has diſſipated a large paternal inheritance (though ſomething of the immoral muſt be included in the idea), than that you ſhould think him born without a ſixpence, which could not be his fault; and thus, which is directly to my purpoſe, Conrad, who is on the deſcent of life, a diſappointed adventurer, pretends to have rejected offers and opportunities of advancement, which only a madman or a fool would have paſſed by; yet, blame him to his face, and he will outſtrip you in condemning his own folly: but hint at the truth, lament that, with all his ſenſe and diſcernment, no chance preſented itſelf in which he could purſue his advantage, and you have offended him for ever.

But admitting, Sir, what, on the other hand, is undoubtedly true, that many unmarried women are ſo becauſe they have loſt opportunities and rejected offers; admitting this, ſtill what concluſion ſhall we draw? Are we, thus tutored by experience, to tell the girls who are now entering their teens, that they muſt loſe no opportunity, nor reject any offer, becauſe opportunity may never return, nor offer be repeated? ——I think not. What uſe, then, are we to make of our knowledge? And if we, who have the cauſes and conſequences together in our hands, can, even in this complete ſtate, apply them to no purpoſe, how are thoſe to be blamed who had only the disjointed parts, without the poſſibility of diſcovering the events with which they were afterward connected?

Though

Though no conjuror, I can eaſily foreſee that many a good and pretty damſel who may read this letter, and imagine that, like a treatiſe on the Bramins, it relates to a claſs of beings, in whoſe praiſe or reproach ſhe ſhall never be included; will, notwithſtanding all that ſhe deſerves, paſs through life unmarried. Now, by what means to avoid this deſtiny, if ſo ſhe wiſhes, I would willingly point out, were it but in return for the attention with which ſhe follows my deſultory paragraphs. But what rule can I lay down which it may not be her duty and her beſt intereſt to diſobey? What precaution can I ſuggeſt which may not become the very preventive of what I deſire to accompliſh? What ſtep can I recommend that may not ſet her in the wrong road? God, himſelf, has rendered all human calculation full of error, all human contrivance uncertain, all human foreſight blind, that we may learn to place our whole undivided confidence upon one ſure and certain ſtay, which, in every condition of human life, muſt be the ſole ſource of good.

"Well may your hearts believe the truth I tell,—
"'Tis Virtue makes the bliſs where'er we dwell!"

I ſuſpect, Sir, that ſome of your readers will, at this period of my letter, conſider me as deſcending into the mere rhetorician; that they will imagine I have reſorted, having nothing elſe to ſay, to the ſmooth-ſounding name of Virtue, which, in perfect common-place, I have exhibited as the cuſtomary panacea for all human infirmities: but give me leave to tell theſe perſons, Sir, that Virtue is not that chimerical, ſtory-book, milk-and-water thing, for which the world has long ſet it down.

I have been for ſome minutes deliberating what rules (and, certainly, ſome there are) I might offer in this place, for the promotion of happineſs in female unmarried life; but when I attempt to reſolve them into principles, for the examination of your readers, I cannot find that they differ in their origin from the ſpring of happineſs in every other ſituation. Good-

neſs of heart, and goodneſs of taſte, which, together, we call Virtue, and which muſt include, nay reſult from, piety to God, are the ſources of *all* pleaſure. *E. A. K.*

GRISELIDIS.

[*Concluded from page* 34.]

AFTER two ſuch ſevere trials, Gautier ought to have been perfectly convinced of the obedience and ſubmiſſion of his wife, and not thought of afflicting her again; but ſome ſuſpicious minds are never ſatisfied, and, when once they have begun, take the greateſt delight in tormenting others.

The Marchioneſs not only appeared to have forgotten her double misfortune, but to grow every day more gentle and affectionate. Gautier, nevertheleſs, intended to torment her again. When his daughter was twelve years old, and his ſon eight, he wiſhed to have them return to him, and wrote to the Counteſs his ſiſter to bring them herſelf. At the ſame time he had it reported every where, that he was going to be divorced from this wife, and to take another.

This cruel report ſoon reached the ears of Griſelidis: they told her that a young lady of high birth, and very handſome, was ſoon to be Marchioneſs of Saluces. You may ſuppoſe how much ſhe would be ſhocked at the idea of ſuch an event taking place. She, however, ſummoned all her reſolution, and waited patiently for her huſband's commands.

He ſent for her one day, and, in the preſence of ſome of his barons, ſaid to her——

"Griſelidis, for twelve years that we have lived together, your company has always given me pleaſure, for I have regarded your virtues more than your birth; but my ſubjects wiſh me to have an heir to my eſtates, and the Pope has permitted me to take a wife more ſuitable to my rank. She will arrive here in a few days; therefore prepare to reſign your place to her. Carry back your dower, and ſummon all your reſolution."

"My

"My Lord," replied Griſelidis, "I well knew the daughter of Janicola was unworthy to be your wife; and in this palace, of which you were pleaſed to make me miſtreſs, I take God to witneſs, I never returned him my fervent thankſgiving for that honour without acknowledging that unworthineſs. As it is your will, I ſhall leave this place without regret, where I have ſo long lived happily, and return to the cottage where I was born, and where I can ſtill render to my father the cares and attentions I was forced to entruſt to a ſtranger. As to the dower you mention, you know, my Lord, that, with a pure heart, I could only bring you poverty, reſpect, and love. All the clothes that I have worn belong to you: permit me to leave them and take again thoſe I had on when I came, which I have carefully preſerved. I here reſtore to you the ring with which you married me.——, Poor I left my father's home, and poor I will return; except in the honour of being the irreproachable widow of ſuch a huſband!"

The Marquis was ſo much affected at this reply, that the tears came into his eyes, and he was obliged to leave the room to conceal them.

Griſelidis, leaving her elegant clothes, jewels, and other ornaments, put on her former humble dreſs, and ſet out for her native village, accompanied by a number of knights and ladies, whoſe tears flowed for the loſs of ſuch an amiable woman. She alone did not weep, but walked ſilently along, with her eyes fixed upon the ground. They arrived in this manner at her father's, who did not appear at all aſtoniſhed at her return, for he always had his doubts of this marriage ending happily, and thought that, ſooner or later, the Marquis would be tired of his daughter, and ſend her back again. —The old man tenderly embraced her, and, without ſhewing the leaſt grief or anger, returned thanks to the company who attended her, and exhorted them to be loyal, and love their ſovereign. But what ſorrow muſt Janicola inwardly have felt, when he conſidered that his daughter, after having enjoyed all the pleaſures of life, muſt in future want for even

common neceſſaries! but ſhe did not appear to feel it, and ſupported her father's courage.

At length the Count and Counteſs D'Empeche, with the two children and a large party of friends, arrived within a day's journey of the Caſtle. The Marquis, to complete his laſt trial, ſent for Griſelidis, and ſaid to her———

"Daughter of Janicola, my intended bride arrives to-morrow; and as no perſon in my palace knows what I like ſo well as you do (and I wiſh *particularly* to receive her, my brother and ſiſter, and their friends, in a noble manner), I would have you take charge of every thing; and above all, the reception of my bride."

"Sir," ſhe replied, "I have ſo many obligations to you, that, while it pleaſes God to ſpare my life, I ſhall always think it my duty to do any thing that gives you pleaſure."

She then went to give orders to the officers and domeſtics, aſſiſted them in every thing, and prepared the nuptial apartment deſtined for her whoſe near approach had driven herſelf from it.

When the young lady appeared, far from ſhewing, as might have been expected, ſome emotion at the ſight of her, or being aſhamed of the keys ſhe wore, ſhe went to receive her, ſaluted her reſpectfully, and conducted her to the apartment which ſhe had prepared. By a ſecret inſtinct, for which ſhe could not account, ſhe was charmed with the children, and never ceaſed looking at them and praiſing their beauty.

At the dinner hour, when all the company were aſſembled at table, the Marquis ſent for Griſelidis, and ſhewing her this pretended bride, to whoſe native charms was added the moſt magnificent dreſs, aſked what ſhe thought of her.

"My Lord," ſhe replied, "you could not have choſen one more beautiful, or more pleaſing; and if God favourably receives the prayers I ſhall daily make for you, you will live happy with her. But, oh! my Lord, I pray you ſpare this wife the bitter pangs which the other ſuffered; for, being younger, and more tenderly brought up, ſhe would ſoon die of a broken heart."

At

At theſe words the tears came into the Marquis's eyes, and he could diſſemble no longer, but cried out—

"Griſelidis!——my beloved Griſelidis!——it is too much! To prove your love, I have done what no other man under Heaven could have thought of, and have found you obedient, tender, and faithful!"

He then approached Griſelidis, who had modeſtly bowed her head at theſe encomiums, and, claſping her in his arms, moiſtened her cheeks with his tears; and added, in the preſence of all the company——

"You, moſt incomparable woman, are her alone in the world that I ſhould think worthy to be my wife. My ſubjects, as well as yourſelf, have believed me to be the murderer of my children, but they have only been ſent away from you; and my ſiſter, to whoſe care I entruſted them, has brought them back here. My ſon and daughter, fall at the feet of your reſpectable mother."

Griſelidis, unable to ſupport ſuch extreme joy, fainted away; and when, by proper aſſiſtance, ſhe recovered her ſenſes, ſhe preſſed her children to her heart, kiſſed and wept over them ſo long, that they could ſcarcely take them from her. All the company ſympathized with her, and nothing was heard but ſounds of joy and admiration: and this feaſt, which the Marquis's love had prepared, became a triumph for his wife.

Gautier ſent for Janicola to the Caſtle, whom he had hitherto appeared to neglect, on account of his wife, and paid him great reſpect during the remainder of his days. The huſband and wife lived together for twenty years in the moſt perfect harmony, and ſaw their grandchildren around them, and their ſon ſucceeded them, to the happineſs of their ſubjects.

THE THREE THIEVES;

Or, HAMET and BERNARD.

[*Concluded from page* 52.]

WHEN Travers had gone his round, and well ſecured all his doors, he came back.

"It muſt be owned," ſaid his wife, "I have a huſband with a poor memory! Why, you forgot, juſt now, where you had put the pig!"

Theſe words made Travers roar again—"I ſaid it would be ſo! I knew they would ſteal it! It's gone! I ſhall never ſee it more!"

In the midſt of theſe lamentations, however, it ſtruck him that the thieves could not have got far with their prize in the time: ſo he poſted after them directly, with ſome hope of recovering the pig. The rogues had taken a bye path acroſs the fields, that went ſtraight to the wood, where they hoped to hide their prey more ſecurely. Hamet went firſt, to make ſure of the road; and his brother, who walked ſlower, on account of the weight, followed at ſome diſtance, Travers ſoon overtook him, and, knowing him immediately, ſaid, imitating the tone of voice of the elder brother——"Come, you muſt be tired; give it me to carry in my turn."

Bernard, who thought it was his brother, gave Travers the pig, and went on before, but had ſcarcely gone a hundred paces, when, to his great aſtoniſhment, he met Hamet.—

"'Zoons!" ſaid he, "I have been trapped: that rogue Travers has played me a trick. But never mind; you ſhall ſee I know how to repair a blunder."

So ſaying, he ſtripped himſelf, put his ſhirt over his cloaths, made up ſomething like a woman's night-cap on his head, and, thus equipped, ran full ſpeed by another path to Travers's houſe, and waited for him at the door; but when he ſaw him coming, he went forward to meet him, as if it was his wife, and, counterfeiting her voice, aſked him if he had got the pig again.

"Yes, yes, I have him," replied the huſband.

"That's well! Come, give it to me; I'll carry it in; and do you run to the ſtable, for I have heard a noiſe there, and am afraid they are breaking in."

Travers himſelf put the animal upon his ſhoulder, and ſet off a new round, to ſee that all things were ſafe. When he returned, he was much ſurpriſed to find his wife in bed, crying,

and

and very much alarmed; and then found out that they had deceived him again. He determined, however, not to be baffled ſo; and, as if his honour was concerned in the affair, ſwore not to give it up till, ſomehow or other, he was victorious. He rather doubted if the thieves, this time, would take the ſame road; but rightly ſuſpected that the foreſt being for them the neareſt place of ſafety, they would go there, as before. In fact they were there already; and, eager to taſte their prize, had lighted a fire at the foot of an oak to broil ſome ſteaks: the wood was green, and burnt ill, ſo, to mend it, they went to pick up ſome dry leaves and ſticks. Travers, who had eaſily found the rogues, by the light of the fire, took advantage of their abſence to ſtrip himſelf entirely, climb up a tree, and ſuſpend himſelf by his arms like a perſon hanging; and when the thieves returned, and were buſily employed in blowing the fire, he roared out, with a voice like thunder—"Wretches, you will end your days as I did!"

They firmly believed it to be their father's voice, and, frightened out of their wits, thought of nothing but running away. The other took up his cloaths and pig in great haſte, and returned in triumph to relate his victory to his wife, who embraced and congratulated him on this bold and dextrous exploit.

"Don't let us flatter ourſelves too ſoon: the knaves are not far off; and as long as the pig remains here I ſhall be in a fright; ſo heat ſome water; we'll cook it; then let them come—I'll defy them to get it."

One lighted the fire, and the other cut up the pig, and put it into the cauldron in large pieces: then they both ſat down in the chimney corner to watch it. Travers, who was much fatigued with his labour and anxiety all night, ſoon became drowſy, and his wife ſaid to him—"Go you to bed; I'll watch the boiler; and as every place is well ſecured, there's nothing to fear: at all events, if I hear any noiſe, I can wake you."

On this aſſurance he threw himſelf on the bed in his cloaths, and ſoon fell aſleep. His wife continued to watch the cauldron

dron for ſome time, but at laſt grew drowſy, and fell faſt aſleep in her chair.

During this time the thieves, recovered from their firſt alarm, had returned to the oak, and not finding either the man hanging, or the pig, eaſily divined the real truth of the matter. They would have thought themſelves diſgraced for ever if Travers, in this ſkirmiſh of ſtratagems, had gained the victory, and went back again to his houſe, fully determined to exert their utmoſt dexterity in the art of thieving in one grand, final effort.

Before they laid their plan, Bernard looked through the hole he had made in the wall, to know if the enemy were on their guard. He ſaw on one ſide Travers ſtretched upon the bed, and on the other his wife, with a ladle in her hand and her head waving backwards and forwards, aſleep, cloſe to the fire, and the bacon boiling in the pot.

"They are willing to ſave us the trouble of cooking," ſaid Bernard to his brother; "though, after all, it is nothing but their fear of us made 'em dreſs it. Do you remain quiet; I'll engage you ſhall eat ſome of it yet."

He then went and cut a long pole, made it ſharp at one end, and, getting on the roof of the houſe, thruſt it down the chimney, ſtuck it into one of the pieces of meat, and drew it up. It happened that Travers at that moment awoke, and ſaw the manœuvre. He conſidered that, with ſuch ſkilful enemies, peace was better for him than war; ſo he called out to them—

"My friends, you are in the wrong to diſgrace my roof, and I was in the wrong not to invite you to partake of the pig. It would be endleſs to conteſt any longer which has the moſt cunning! ſo come down, and feaſt with us." Saying this, he opened the door, and they all ſat down to table, quite reconciled and cordial together.

SCHOOL

SCHOOL of ARTS.

NO. XIV.

To make Potatoe Starch.

TAKE potatoes, and waſh them very well in clean water, ſo that not the leaſt dirt or earth may be left upon them; pare them as lightly and nicely as poſſible, ſo that too much of the ſubſtance may not be taken away, nor yet the leaſt ſkin remain, or you may ſcrape them as they do carrots, &c.; then take ſeveral earthen pans half-filled with pure water, alſo a tin grater, as fine as thoſe uſed for grating ſugar; reſt your grater upon the bottom of the earthen pan in the water, and thereon grate your potatoes, moiſtening them from time to time, and taking care not to preſs the potatoes too hard upon the grater. The grated potatoes will ſink to the bottom.—When your pans are filled, let them ſtand till they are well ſettled; then pour off the water, by inclining them very gently, leſt the fineſt part of the ſubſtance ſhould run off along with the water. The grated potatoes may then be put into fewer pans, each being filled within four or five fingers' breadth of the top, and then filled up with pure water. Let the matter be well ſtirred about and waſhed, and when it has ſtood to ſettle, let the pan be inclined, and the water poured off as before. Theſe lotions with freſh clear water muſt be ſeveral times repeated, till at length you will ſee the grated potatoes become as white as ſnow, and incomparably fine and ſmall, and not run into little lumps and maſſes, like the common ſtarch: theſe are the ſigns of its being ſufficiently waſhed, and ready to be ſet-out to dry in the ſun. Thoſe who once try this kind of ſtarch will never uſe any other. It makes the linen very clear, and ſurpriſingly beautiful; but when linen ſtarched with this ſtarch is ironed, it will be proper to rub the ſmoothing-iron with a little wax, and then to wipe it with a clean linen cloth: a precaution to which laundreſſes are ſtrangers.

Receipt to Mend China and Earthen Ware.

Take any quantity of white of eggs, and beat them well to a froth. Add to this ſoft curd cheeſe and quick-lime, and

begin

begin beating anew all together. This may be uſed in mending whatever you will, even glaſſes, and will ſtand both fire and water.

THEATRICALS.

COVENT GARDEN.

Dec. 23. A NEW Pantomime, called "THE VOLCANO; *or, The Rival Harlequins,*" was performed for the firſt time. The muſic was excellent: the ſcenery (particularly one view of a Burning Mountain) was beautiful; and ſome of the changes admirable. It was received with applauſe, and has been often repeated.

Jan. 16. 1800. A new Operatical Romance, entitled "JOANNA" (formed on the plan of an unpubliſhed play of *Kotzebue*, by Mr. *Cumberland*), was preſented for the firſt time; the characters of which were as follow, and thus repreſented—

Albert, Lord of Thurn, Mr. *Pope*—Lazaro, a Knight, Mr. *Holman*—Darbony, leader of a band of ſoldiers, Mr. *Incledon*—Wenzel, Caſtellan of Belmont, Mr. *Waddy*—Philip, his ſon, Mr. *H. Johnſton*—Guntram, Mr. *Emery*—Hermit, Mr. *Murray*—Wolf, a ſervant to Albert, Mr. *Munden*—Old Man, Mr. *Davenport*.—Joanna, wife to Albert, Mrs. *Pope*—Eloiſa, ſuppoſed daughter to Guntram, Mrs. *H. Johnſton*.

Our limits will not admit of our tracing the fable through all its windings. We ſhall only obſerve, therefore, that *Albert* and *Lazaro* are rivals in love and war. The former having defeated the latter in ſingle combat, is rewarded with the heart and hand of *Joanna*, with whom he reſides in his caſtle in Switzerland. After the expiration of a conſiderable time *Lazaro* returns in the diſguiſe of a pilgrim, and, taking advantage of a truce concluded with *Albert*, unites with the chieftains of ſome of the marauding bands (for which the beginning of the fourteenth century was remarkable), intereſts them to ſupport by force of arms a paſſion unſubdued by time and

and abſence, and with their aſſiſtance makes himſelf maſter of *Albert*'s caſtle and wife. He tries every poſſible art to conquer her hatred of him, but, finding all his attempts uſeleſs, he determines to have recourſe to force. *Albert* eſcapes from the caſtle, and takes refuge with *Wenzel*, whoſe life he had once preſerved. *Wenzel* reſolves to ſacrifice his priſoner, whoſe former favours he conſidered as crimes, convinced that he was unworthy of them. In the execution of this plan he is prevented by the interference of his ſon *Philip*, who reſtores *Albert* to liberty, and, with the aſſiſtance of the mountaineers, reduces the caſtle to the authority of its former maſter, and preſerves the chaſtity of *Joanna*. At the concluſion, a combat takes place between *Albert* and *Lazaro*, but *Albert* is conquered, and expoſed to the immediate vengeance of his rival, when *Joanna* ſuddenly ruſhes in, and with a poignard ſtabs *Lazaro* to the heart.

The Author, by calling it a *Romance*, ſeems to have intended it only as a vehicle for the charms of muſic, ſcenery, decoration, and ſtage-effect; and ſo far as theſe are concerned, the piece is entitled to great praiſe. As a literary production, however, it is very unequal. Many paſſages are diſtinguiſhed by moſt exquiſite feeling, expreſſed in elegant yet natural diction; while others are debaſed by extravagance of idea, pedantry of ſentiment, and quaint, inflated, and not unfrequently vulgar, expreſſion. Of novelty of incident or ſituation alſo it is very deficient; and on the firſt night of performance it was roughly handled by the audience; but it has ſince been much improved, and been frequently performed.

Of the performers it is but juſtice to ſay, that they all exerted themſelves to the utmoſt; but Mr. *H. Johnſton* was particularly fortunate in having a character aſſigned to him, which gave him an opportunity of diſplaying abilities beyond what the public had before witneſſed in him.

The Muſic, by Mr. *Buſby*, was in the ſtyle of Handel and the older maſters, and did him much credit. The ſcenery and dreſſes alſo were beautiful in the extreme.

DRURY LANE.

Jan. 21. "THE RING; or, *Love me for my myſelf*," a Muſical Farce, altered from *The Pavilion* [See Vol. III. p. 476], was performed for the firſt, and we believe the laſt, time. It had undergone material alteration; but received a ſtill worſe reception than in its original form.

Cabinet of Faſhion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESS.

Firſt Figure. Cambrick muſlin dreſs drawn cloſe round the neck; ſhawl-cloak; round bonnet of willow or chip, generally ſlate-colour or brown, with feather.

Second Figure. Dreſs the ſame as Firſt Figure, of coloured cambrick muſlin; bonnet of green velvet, with white muſlin handkerchief round the brim, tied behind in a bow, the ends hanging down the back.

AFTERNOON DRESS.

Firſt Figure. Muſlin dreſs, the train and ſleeves ornamented with coquelicot velvet; girdle of the ſame round the waiſt, with a gold buckle, and two gold buckles on each arm. Bandeau of gold and foil round the head, with feathers.

Second Figure. Worked muſlin fancy dreſs. Head dreſs, bandeau of ſilver and foil, with feathers.

The

BRITISH MUSEUM
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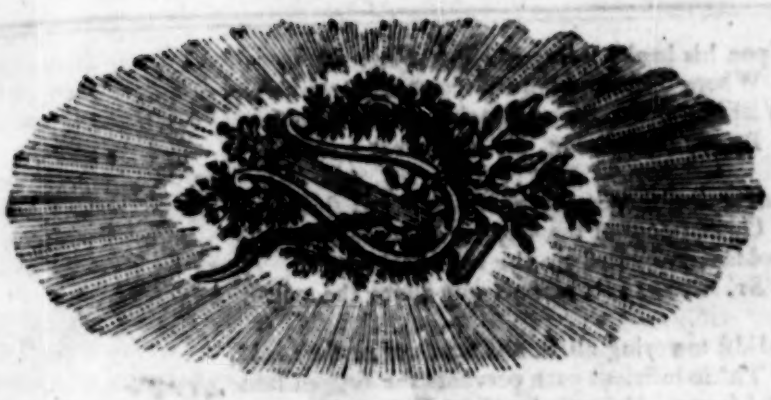
Afternoon Dress for Feb.y 1800.



The Apollonian Wreath.

THE PASSAGE OF MOUNT ST. GOTHARD.

WRITTEN BY HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, AND ADDRESSED TO HER CHILDREN.

YE plains, where three-fold harveſts preſs the ground,
Ye climes where genial gales inceſſant ſwell,
Where Art and Nature ſhed profuſely round
Their rival wonders—*Italy*, farewel!

Still may thy year in fulleſt ſplendour ſhine!
Its icy darts in vain may Winter throw;
To thee, a Parent, Siſter, I conſign,
And, wing'd with health, I woo thy gales to blow.

Yet pleas'd, *Helvetia*'s rugged brows I ſee,
And thro' their craggy ſteeps delighted roam;
Pleas'd with a People, honeſt, brave, and free,
Whilſt every ſtep conducts me nearer home.

I wander where *Teſino* madly flows,
From cliff to cliff in foaming eddies toſt;
On the rude mountain's barren breaſt he roſe,
And *Po*'s broad wave now hurries to be loſt.

His ſhores, neat huts and verdant paſtures fill,
And hills, where woods of pine the ſtorm defy!
While, ſcorning vegetation, higher ſtill
Riſe the bare rocks co-eval with the ſky.

Upon his banks a favour'd ſpot I found,
Where ſhade and beauty tempted to repoſe;
Within a grove, by mountains circled round,
By rocks o'erhung, my ruſtic ſeat I choſe.

Advancing thence, by gentle pace and ſlow,
Unconſcious of the way my footſteps preſt,
Sudden, ſupported by the hills below,
St. Gothard's ſummit roſe above the reſt.

'Midſt towering cliffs, and tracts of endleſs cold,
Th' induſtrious path pervades the rugged ſtone,
And ſeems—Helvetia let thy toils be told—
A granite girdle o'er the mountain thrown.

No haunt of man the weary traveller greets,
No vegetation ſmiles upon the moor,
Save where the ſlow'ret breathes uncultur'd ſweets,
Save where the patient Monk receives the poor.

Yet let not theſe rude paths be coldly trac'd,
Let not theſe wilds with liſtleſs ſteps be trod,
Here fragrance ſcorns not to perfume the waſte,
Here charity uplifts the mind to God.

His humble board the holy man prepares,
And ſimple food, and wholeſome lore beſtows,
Extols the treaſures that his mountain bears,
And paints the perils of impending ſnows.

For whilſt bleak Winter numbs with chilling hand—
Where frequent croſſes mark the traveller's fate—
In ſlow proceſſion moves the merchant band,
And ſilent bends, where tottering ruins wait.

Yet, 'midſt thoſe ridges, 'midſt that driſted ſnow,
Can Nature deign her wonders to diſplay;
Here Adularia ſhines with vivid glow,
And gems of cryſtal ſparkle to the day.

Here, too, the hoary mountain's brow to grace,
Five ſilver lakes in tranquil ſtate are ſeen;
While from their waters, many a ſtream we trace,
That, 'ſcap'd from bondage, rolls the rocks between.

Here flows the *Reuſs* to ſeek her wedded love,
And, with the *Rhine*, *Germanic* climes explore;
Her ſtream I mark'd, and ſaw her wildly move
Down the bleak mountain, thro' the craggy ſhore.

My weary footſteps hop'd for reſt in vain,
For ſteep on ſteep in rude confuſion roſe;
At length I paus'd above a fertile plain,
That promis'd ſhelter and foretold repoſe.

Fair runs the ſtreamlet o'er the paſture green,
Its margin gay with flocks and cattle ſpread;
Embowering trees the peaceful village ſcreen,
And guard from ſnow each dwelling's jutting ſhed.

Sweet vale! whoſe boſom waſtes and cliffs ſurround,
Let me awhile thy friendly ſhelter ſhare!
Emblem of life! where ſome bright hours are found
Amidſt the darkeſt, drearieſt years of care.

Delv'd thro' the rock, the ſecret paſſage bends,
And beauteous horror ſtrikes the dazzled ſight;
Beneath the pendent bridge the ſtream deſcends
Calm—'till it tumbles o'er the frowning height.

We view the fearful paſs—we wind along
The path that marks the terrors of our way—
'Midſt beetling rocks, and hanging woods among,
The torrent pours, and breathes its glittering ſpray.

Weary at length, ſerener ſcenes we hail—
More cultur'd groves o'erſhade the graſſy meads,
The neat, tho' wooden, hamlets deck the vale,
And *Altorf's* ſpires recal heroic deeds.

But tho' no more amidſt thoſe ſcenes I roam,
My fancy long each image ſhall retain—
The flock returning to its welcome home—
And the wild carol of the cowherd's ſtrain,

Lucernia's lake its glaſſy ſurface ſhews,
Whilſt Nature's varied beauties deck its ſide;
Here rocks and woods its narrow waves incloſe,
And there its ſpreading boſom opens wide.

And, hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where *Tell* directed the avenging dart,
With well-ſtrung arm, that firſt preſerv'd his child,
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

Acroſs the lake, and deep embower'd in wood,
Behold another hallow'd chapel ſtands,
Where three Swiſs heroes lawleſs force withſtood,
And ſtamp'd the freedom of their native land,

Their liberty requir'd no rites uncouth,
No blood demanded, and no ſlaves enchain'd;
Her rule was gentle, and her voice was truth,
By ſocial order form'd, by laws reſtrain'd.

We quit the lake—and cultivation's toil,
With Nature's charms combin'd, adorns the way,
And well-earn'd wealth improves the ready ſoil,
And ſimple manners ſtill maintain their ſway.

Farewel, *Helvetia!* from whoſe lofty breaſt,
Proud *Alps* ariſe, and copious rivers flow;
Where, ſource of ſtreams, eternal glaciers reſt,
And peaceful ſcience gilds the plains below.

Oft on thy rocks the wond'ring eye ſhall gaze,
Thy vallies oft the raptur'd boſom ſeek—
There, Nature's hand her boldeſt work diſplays,
Here, bliſs domeſtic beams on every cheek.

Hope of my life! dear children of my heart!
That anxious heart to each fond feeling true,
To You ſtill pants each pleaſure to impart,
And more— oh! tranſport—reach its HOME and YOU!

In a note her Grace ſays, "The intereſting Literary Characters in Switzerland are very numerous. At Geneva, Mr. DE SAUSSURE, the firſt who boldly reached and examined the ſummit of Mount Blanc; his daughter, Madame DE GERMANY, whoſe writings are ſaid to be as lively and fanciful as ARIOSTO's, and who is celebrated as a Botaniſt; MR. HUBERT, the blind obſerver of Nature; MR. SUNNEBIER, &c. &c. At Lauſanne, Mr. CONSTANT, the Author of Laure; Madame DE MONTOLIEU, the Author of Caroline de Litchfield; and, when I was there, the amiable Dr. TISSOT, who delighted by the charms of his converſation as much as he was revered for his ſkill and humanity. At Zurich, LAVATER, who adds to genius and eccentricity an enthuſiaſtic purſuit of every benevolent virtue. At Neufchatel, Madame CHARIERE, the intereſting Author of *Caliſte, ou Lettres de Lauſanne*—not to omit NECKER, DU TREMCLAY, DE LUC, BONNET, and ſo many others who have been lately celebrated in Switzerland."

THE

THE ABBEY.

[BY T. P.]

THE placid Moon her ſilver light
Shed on yon ruin'd Abbey's tow'r,
When two fair laſſes of their loves
Took leave, at midnight's ſolemn hour.

Maria's form, of tender mould,
Contain'd a gentle, conſtant mind;
But Mary's, airy, free, and bold,
Betray'd the ſpirit unconfin'd.

Often, when Mirth poſſeſs'd the hour,
Maria left the board, to ſtray
Midſt the lone Abbey's ſolemn ſhade,
To think on William, far away.

But Mary join'd the dance, the ſong,
Or on the knee of ſome fond ſwain
Would laughing ſit, nor think of him
Who thought of her upon the main.

It chanc'd, one eve, the ſtorm grew loud,
Maria to the Ruin came,
And, as the wind rav'd thro' its aiſle,
She ſighing call'd on William's name.

When, to bleſs her longing ſight—
To ſooth her boſom's fond alarms—
William, returning, met her view,
And claſp'd her with a lover's arms:

And vow'd the next day's ſun ſhould ſee
His lovely laſs a joyful bride——.
"Shall ſee me, too, a joyful wife,"
Cry'd Mary: "Good or ill betide.—

"But leſt my ſex my purpoſe blame,
"I'll ſeek yon ruin'd Abbey's wall,
"And ſee if Henry, too, will come,
"Like William, at his miſtreſs' call.

" If not, young Thomas takes my hand,
" And, lo! to-morrow's golden ſun
" Shall Mary ſee a joyful wife;—
" Not by a ſighing maid out-done!"

Boldly ſhe ſeeks the Abbey's ſhade,
And loudly on her Henry raves——
When, ah! her Henry's ghoſt appears,
All pale and ſhiv'ring from the waves!

She ſhrieks——ſhe falls!——alas! the day
That ſaw her friend a bride ſo meet,
That very day beheld, a corpſe,
Poor Mary in her winding-ſheet!!

NIGHT. AN ODE.

THE glowing landſcape fades—Day ſhuts his eye—
Gray Twilight reſts on yon high weſtern hill;
While penſive in the ſecret ſhade I lie,
And watch the muſic of the falling rill.

The ev'ning ſtar now ſkirts the weſtern main,
Cold drops of dew are ſprinkled o'er the lawn;
The ruſtic drives his oxen from the plain,
And in the folds ſecures his flocks till dawn.

Soft dies along the plain each ruder breeze,
In black'ning clouds the low'ring whirlwinds ſleep,
While gentle gales ſcarce fan the waving trees,
Or curl the ſurface of the peaceful deep.

The feather'd choirs now ceaſe their vocal lay,
No more are heard the dewy groves among;
All but the ſolemn bird, who from her ſpray
Chaunts to the ear of Night her plaintive ſong.

Primæval Darkneſs now, with poppies crown'd,
O'er the dun Air her ſable mantle throws,
Diffuſing univerſal ſtilneſs round,
And locks a drowſy world in calm repoſe.

But not ſo lull'd the Child of Sorrow ſleeps;
Nought charms the tearful eye of Grief to reſt;
Pale, fickly Care, his conſtant vigil keeps,
No gentle ſlumbers ſooth his woe-fraught breaſt!

At

At this ſtill hour the joyleſs Damon mourns
O'er Celia's bier, and weeps her early doom:
Unwilling Echo all his plaints returns,
Which pierce with many a ſigh the cheerleſs gloom.

Now from the dreary vault pale ſpectres glide,
As ſtories ſay, to fright the wand'ring ſwain;
Or dreadful, ſtalking to the murd'rer's ſide,
Hang o'er his couch, and fill his heart with pain.

Whilſt I, ſtill mindful of that awful Pow'r
Who guards the juſt; confiding in his aid,
Fearleſs alone, or trace the ſecret bow'r,
Or rove bewilder'd thro' the moon-light glade.

For now, far-beaming from the glowing Eaſt,
The ſilver Regent of the ſilent Night
Slowly aſcends, in mildeſt radiance dreſt,
And pours o'er woods and ſtreams her magic light.

Hail! awful Silence!——Contemplation, hail!—
Bright Emanation of celeſtial fire,
All hail thy preſence! Still may'ſt thou prevail,
And all my ſoul with thoughts divine inſpire!

To Thee, while Night's dim ſhade involves the ſky,
This ſolemn Verſe, a ſimple gift, I bring:
'Tis thine to guide the Muſe's flight on high,
Aſſiſt her ſtrains, and aid her ſoaring wing.

J. H.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, WITH AN ALMANACK FOR THE PRESENT YEAR.

MAY every hour that paſſeth by,
May each revolving year,
Deſtroy the ſource from whence a ſigh
Derives its gloomy ſphere!

And may the manſion which gave birth
To the ungenial gale,
No more become a ſpot of earth
For Sorrow to aſſail!

But

But may it ever be a ſource
Of true, ſubſtantial joy;
And may a tide of pleaſure courſe
Without the leaſt alloy!

And as Amanda marks the hours
Revolving in their ſphere,
May ſmiling Peace, like May's ſoft ſhow'rs,
Enrich the riſing year!

With gifts more ſweet than India's iſle
In bounty could beſtow;
Where blooming verdures ever ſmile,
And fragrant odours blow!

Enrich her with the precious balm
Which Friendſhip's goddeſs brings;
That tender and all-ſoothing charm,
Which ſhuns the pride of Kings!

Enrich her with a ſtore of health;
And may the waning year
See her poſſeſt of as much wealth
As bleſſes mortals here!

January, 1800.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON BINNEY CLIFF, DEVON. 1798.

OH! I could liſten to the waves that beat
In angry mood againſt this mighty rock,
Which ſtands ſecure, and ſmiling ſeems to mock
The tide that rolls for ever at it's feet!

Yet, ah! poor Mariner, no hope haſt thou;
Toſt, in a giddy boat, from wave to wave,
No proſpect can thy wife or children have
To ſee thee once again with cheery brow!

If aught in pity could thy fate prevent,
Could tears, and ſighs from deareſt boſoms heav'd,—
Thou would'ſt not of life's joys be thus bereav'd,
But ſee thy children bleſt again, and live content:
For here around, in tears, thy offſpring ſtand,
In hopes ſome breeze from Heav'n may bear thee to the land!

EUGENIO.

SEASON FOR REMEMBERING THE POOR.

STERN Winter is come with his cold, chilling breath,
And the verdure has dropt from the trees,
All Nature ſeems touch'd with the finger of Death,
And the ſtreams are beginning to freeze.

When wanton young lads o'er the river can ſlide,
And Flora attends us no more;
When in plenty you ſit by a good fire-ſide,
Sure, you ought to remember the Poor!

When the cold feather'd ſnow does in fleeces deſcend,
And whitens the proſpects around;
When the keen cutting winds from the North do attend,
Hard incruſtating over the ground:

When the poor harmleſs hare may be trac'd to the wood
By her footſteps indented in ſnow;
When the lips and the fingers are ſtarting with blood;
When the markſmen a cock-ſhooting go;

When the poor robin-redbreaſt approaches the cot;
When the icicles hang at the door;
When the bowl ſmokes with ſomething reviving and hot,
That's the time to remember the Poor!

When a thaw ſhall enſue, and the waters increaſe,
And the winds ſhall all violent grow;
When the fiſhes from priſon obtain a releaſe,
When in danger the travellers go;

When the meadows are hid by the proud-ſwelling flood;
When the bridges are uſeful no more;
When in health you enjoy every thing that is good,
Can you wiſh not to think on the Poor?

Now the day is arriv'd when a Saviour was born,
All the world ſhould agree as one voice:
All Nature unites to ſalute the bleſt morn,—
All the ends of the earth ſhould rejoice.

Grim Death is depriv'd of his all-killing ſting,
And the grave is triumphant no more;
Saints, angels, and men, hallelujahs ſhould ſing,
And the Rich ſhould remember the Poor!

H.

VALEDICTORY STANZAS TO SOPHIA.

AH! why do I ſtill court the ſhade
Where cruel Sophia once ſmil'd——
Where oft my fond footſteps have ſtray'd,
When pure love the ſweet moments beguil'd?

No more bliſsful joys ſmile around;
Each tranſport, alas! now is fled;
All Nature in ſorrow is found;
The willow with me droops its head.

How oft have I travers'd the ſcene
With Sophia, the ſoul of my bliſs;
My thoughts as the zephyrs ſerene,
Whilſt in rapture I've ſnatch'd the ſweet kiſs!

On this bank oft we've ſat down at eve,
Her eyes ſparkling love's ſofteſt beam,
Whilſt my boſom reſponſive would heave:
The pale Moon ſilver'd over the ſtream.

Ah! awaking the ſweeteſt alarm,
On my boſom how oft has ſhe hung,
And whilſt fondly I gaz'd on each charm,
Love's ſoft murmurs have died on her tongue!

But, ah! would I ne'er had believ'd
Thoſe vows which my heart ſo ſoon won;
For Sophia my hopes has deceiv'd——
Each joy now for ever is gone!!

F.

LA PERFECTION DE LA FEMME RECONNUE. MADRIGAL.

EN pluſieurs jours, Dieu forma l'univers,
Suivant un plan qu'il trouva ſage;
Et parmi les Etres divers,
Il réſerva, pour finir ſon ouvrage,
L'etre qu'il fit le plus parfait,
L'homme doué d'une divine flamme,
Fût joint à ce qu'il avait fait.
Apres l'homme il forma la femme,
En diſant: *Tout eſt bien*,
Et ne créa plus rien.

MUSIPORUS.

SOLU.

SOLUTION TO THE CHARADES & ENIGMA

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Enigma——Nothing.

Charade I.——Queſtions and Commands.

Charade II.——Blind-man's-buff.

Charade III.——Snap-dragon.

CHARADE.

MY Firſt is a term which is us'd to define
Perfection in manners, or face;
Yet we find it ſometimes when we breakfaſt and dine,
And in the deſſert, after grace.

My Second ſupports and ſuſtaineth our days;
Yet when, with much labour and pains,
We form up the maſs into different ways,
It it nothing but pulveriz'd grains.

My Whole is produc'd as a delicate treat
At the table of thoſe who are great;
Yet thoſe who work hard, and want ſubſtance to eat,
Would diſlike all ſuch diſhes of ſtate.

A RIDDLE.

BENEATH the bowels of the earth,
Entomb'd by Nature's care,
My Riddle ne'er had known a birth,
Or ſeen Britannia's fair,

But for the plowman's labouring hand,
That daily tills the field,
Or for the ſoldiers' dread command,
Who fights with ſword and ſhield.

Yet let me not confine its ſkill
To firelocks, ſword, and ſpade;
There's not an artizan but will
Employ it in his trade.

All

All trades it helps, all hands it aids,
And never yet refus'd.
To be the friend of ladies' maids,
If it was not abus'd.

To Correſpondents, &c.

The MEMOIRS *which ſhould have accompanied the* PORTRAIT *of this Month are poſtponed, in conſequence of a diſappointment that we have met with. If any of our Correſpondents could oblige us with a Biographical Sketch of this admirable* ARTIST, *we ſhould eſteem it a particular favour.*

P. E. *is too unpoetical for inſertion.*

The Article to the Author of Griſelidis *is* not legible.

S. B. *ſhould have pointed to the Volume and Page of* M. M. *We have not been able to find the Article he alludes to, by the Indices to that elegant Work; but ſhall be happy to receive the Communication* adapted to the preſent period; *though we cannot* promiſe *inſertion till we have ſeen it.*

W. S. W. *in our next.*

As the Walpoliana *has never been* noticed *in any way in our Muſeum, we think the Article animadverting upon it would appear with more propriety elſewhere.*

We doubt the originality *of* Mrs. Neville.

An Affecting Story——On a Taſte for real Pleaſures——Converſation——Lucretia——Fortune in Good Humour——Theſpian Mania——*and ſeveral other Articles, are intended for our next Number.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
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SEP

Ridley sculp.

Her Royal Highness
Frederica Charlotta Ulrica,
Duchess of York.

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